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## CEMETERIES.

Nor many years ago, all London, living and dead, was packed in very small compass. The merchant lived near his place of business; the shopkeeper over his shop; the mechanic slept not far from his scene of daily labour; and the dead, huddled together in the churchyards, might be said to sleep in the city, too, though certainly their bones were not allowed to repose. It was only the fine people of the west-end who were in the habit of going out of town; and these, regarding the busy folks of the east-end as nobodies, were, in turn, looked upon but as distant neighbours. But now we are fast changing all that. The worthy cockneys were shocked by the information, that the bones of their ancestors were regularly exhumed, ground to powder, and strewed over the fields of the north: but the first movement was not to provide ampler accommodation for their dead, but to carry off the living from the smoke and the exhalations. Cabriolets and omnibuses appeared in our streets; small merchants followed the leviathans; little clerks ran after larger ones; and even the very mechanics, doomed, they said, to spend their days in London, began to stretch themselves, and to walk out of town. No wonder, therefore, that, if the living were thus rushing out of the heart of the metropolis, the dead should begin to follow; and that, along with suburban villages, terraces, places, and rows, we should have, north, west, and south, capacious inclosures known by the general name of CEMETERIES.

We have borrowed the idea of cemeteries, (cemetery is from the Greek, signifying a place of rest or sleep,) as we borrowed the idea of bazaars, from the East; and, however pleasant both bazaars and cemeteries may be, they are certainly better adapted to the climate and character of their native soil, than to our cloudy atmosphere. This remark applies more particularly to cemeteries, whose trees, and flowers, and ornaments, seem to require a fine and steady sky to complete their natural effect. All travellers speak, for instance, of the cemeteries of Constantinople, with their cypress trees and beautiful marble tombs; an extensive one at Sentari, on the Asiatic shore, directly opposite to the city of Constantinople, is immense, and its cypress trees are so large and numerous, that they form a magnificent wood, giving an impressive and mournful character to the scene. Here women are frequently observed weeping near their husbands' or their childrens' tombs,—Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, being especially devoted to this purpose; and here, also, many of the more zealous Mussulmans wish to be interred, "because," says Marshal Marmont, "tradition has led this people to believe that their nation will, at some future time, retire from Europe, and they do not choose that their ashes should cease to be under their Prophet's rule; never dreaming that, if a Christian prince should again reign in Constantinople, his authority would not be limited to Europe, but extend across the channel to Asia."

But though we have borrowed the cemetery from the East, we have only done so at second-hand—Père-la-Chaise being our more immediate model. The name it bears is that of a man not

unknown to history, the confessor of Louis XIV.; the ground now covered by the cemetery having once belonged to the Jesuits, over whom he was superior, who had here their central establishment in France. The cemetery of Père-la-Chaise lies immediately outside the Barrière des Amandiers; and here we may remark, that these Parisian barriers give a definite idea of when one is really out of town, whereas in London we are apt to think that the town will follow us for ever. The hill, on the slope of which the cemetery lies, rises to a considerable height; and from the top of it the city is seen to considerable advantage. But, though far from being disposed to depreciate, we cannot say that we surveyed Père-la-Chaise with unmixed approbation, as a suitable place of repose for the dead. Its walks, shaded by trees, and rising up the side of a steep hill; the fine views from the top, Paris lying below your feet; the tombs in the shape of temples, sepulchral chapels, funeral vaults, pyramids, and obelisks; the numerous memorials of illustrious men and women, which meet you at every second step;—all these might conspire to draw out admiration and reflection, and dispose you to pronounce Père-la-Chaise to be the finest cemetery in the world. In one respect it is entitled to praise—it is not a Westminster Abbey, which compels the amply-stored coffers of the living to be unlocked, in order to procure admission for the dead—there is no exclusion here.

Here sleeps Cuvier, one of the mightiest of nature's "questioners," and his lovely daughter, one of those rare individuals among French ladies who united beauty and accomplishments to modesty, and piety to mental ability. There lies the sarcastic, the witty Molière;—here Ney, the brave hero of a despotic military era, who preferred attachment to his chief to the solemn sanctions of an oath;—St. Pierre, the author, and Madame Cottin, the authoress, of works which have attained a universal celebrity, and are embalmed, like "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress," in the recollections of reading youth;—La Fontaine, Volney, La Place, Massena, Davoust, Caulincourt, Lauriston, Foy, Labedoyère, Denon, Fourcroy, &c. &c. And why forget, too, the tomb of Abelard and Heloise? But to our mind all availed nothing, because of the vulgar finery and trickery with which Death in this great inclosure was loaded. We turned away from the meretricious sentimentalism, the extravagant adulation, insulting the dead and affronting the living, with which many of the tombs were covered; and peeping through the windows of the little chapels crected over graves, and beholding all the idle frippery—candles, and cups, and offerings—we exclaimed, "Why has the hand of man deteriorated all the advantages of this fine burying-place? It might have been sacred to solemn meditation, and communion with the world of spirits; but man, restless, volatile man, steps in, and leaving marks of his littleness, his vanity, his conceit, his puerilities, disturbs all the higher associations which are gathering in the mind."

To those, however, who do not choose to take the matter so seriously as we did—who are not so easily upset by inscriptions bearing *untruth* in their very expression—Père-la-Chaise is full of interest. Amongst the many memorials, not a few may be found

which combine taste, tenderness, and truth,—and others may amuse, if amusement is sought. And what an immense variety of memorials of the dead are here!—from the humble grave, scarcely marked out by a withered garland, which some solitary and impoverished friend may have placed there, to the sepulchral altars, gaudily decked out. They say that Père-la-Chaise is a pleasant place—that here death is not so ghastly, nor his memorials so forbidding—that you can wander under the shade of the trees, and muse and meditate enough—and the flowers which are springing up under your feet may lift your thoughts to a world of peace. It is true; yet we did not *enjoy* Père-la-Chaise—it appeared to us to present too many materials for a satire upon the credulity, the vanity, the folly of the human heart.

It is said that a people's mode of disposing of their dead is a true index to that people's character. Abraham asked for a cave to "bury his dead out of his sight." The Egyptians—those strange worshippers of bestial gods, excavators in rocks and pillars of pyramids, builders of temples and tombs which were seemingly intended to outlast time and tempest—called the receptacles of their swathed and embalmed bodies "eternal habitations." What connexion had this with a belief in the eternity of the world? The Turks at this day call their burying-grounds "cities of silence." How expressively significant of that phlegmatic and taciturn people! An Irish funeral (we speak not of those disgusting exhibitions which are seen staggering through Dublin, but of a country funeral,) is a type of Irish character. What a strange combination of poetry and profanity, of feeling and recklessness, of sentiment and drunken profligacy! A Scotch funeral (like the general Scotch character) is quiet, decent, carefully performed, and even impressive, from the sober uniformity with which all attending it are clothed in black; but, like the Scotch character, it lacks a something—it is deficient in that warmth which dissolves the feelings into a tearful remembrance and a holy animated hope. In London, from the multitude of people, funerals are got over with a business-like alacrity: your neighbour may die next door, and be carried to his long home, without your knowing anything of the matter. The only thing that may strike the stranger's eye in the streets of our metropolis, connected with a funeral, is, either the showy, expensive mummerly of mutes, nodding plumes, and hearse, with a flock of tearless attendants; or, amongst the humbler classes, the return of the female relations from the churchyard, in a slow procession, headed by the undertaker: they are wrapped in heavy ungraceful scarfs and hoods, which give them a repulsive appearance. As for the male attendants, they are doubtless all off to their different businesses—the claims of the living in London allow of little time to be wasted on the dead.

It is but recently that we have begun to naturalise Père-la-Chaise, though our neighbours Frenchified the cemetery of the East many years ago. But now a kind of cemetery mania is spreading through the country. Liverpool has several, one of which contains the remains and a statue of the ill-fated Mr. Huskisson; Glasgow has one, which, with a floridness rather unusual to the Scotch, the citizens have chosen to term the "Necropolis," or "city of the dead;" and Gravesend, mustering only about ten thousand inhabitants, has its new and splendid cemetery. The Glasgow "Necropolis" is finely situated: it occupies a height, once known as the "Fir Park," at the upper part of the town, overlooking the venerable cathedral, and commanding a view of the city; one of its ornaments is a pillar and statue to the memory of John Knox. In London we have three cemeteries, of which we now proceed to give some account.

The "General Cemetery," better known as the Kensall-Green

Cemetery, lies on the west, or rather the north-west, of London, on the Harrow-road. It was established by an Act of Parliament passed in 1832, and has the honour or the credit of being the first of these joint-stock company receptacles for the dead started in London. This cemetery is officially stated to be a mile and a half from Paddington, and Paddington is four miles and a half from the Bank; the city reader does not imagine that we will *walk* the distance. Not while we can get into an omnibus, and be driven to Paddington for a sixpence. Getting out, then, at Paddington, we are content to walk the mile and a half; and so, striking into the Harrow-road, we leave to our left the station, or Loudon terminus, of the Great Western Railway. What a raw, unfinished aspect the buildings and works of these railroads give to this western extremity of the metropolis! Not far before us, the Birmingham railroad comes sweeping round, being carried by a tunnel under Kensall-Green, whither we are bound; and close at hand is the canal. The solitary walker need not, then, be at a loss for matter to speculate on—for two great railroads and a canal are surely materials enough for a thinking man. Perhaps, however, he is not in the humour, and the road appears tame and dull. But a sound of approaching carriages strikes his ear; and he has scarcely time to turn round and look, when a hearse and three or four mourning coaches sweep past. They are not coming *from* the Cemetery—they are going *to* it. Is this, then, the solemn pace of a London funeral? The top of the hearse is covered with men, whose feet, dangling down, remind one of a poulterer's doorway, or game swinging from a stage-coach. The sensation which produces such a comparison is certainly not of a mournful character; and, in hastening after the vehicles to witness the ceremony, we get inspired by that feeling of hurry which animates one, when fearful of being too late to see a show. But stop—the vehicles are all drawn up by the road-side; the crowd of attendants descend from the roof of the hearse, and preparations are made for a procession. First, three or four march before the hearse, one of them staggering under a kind of cushion-like thing, loaded with feathers, which he bears on his head; others, with staves, walk by the sides of the hearse and the mourning-coaches, mimicking royal footmen in a royal display. Thus, hearse and coaches move on, attended by the undertaker's men, and marshalled by the undertaker himself: they pass a public-house, in front of which a hearse is standing, and where lounge other undertakers' men, who have just finished their respective "job," or "jobs," and are now drinking, to moisten their very dry sorrow: as the procession passes, winks and grins are exchanged, significant of that freemasonry which knits a "craft." We now enter the gateway of the Cemetery;—slowly moves the procession, as if such a thing as a race could not possibly enter into the mind of any one concerned in it. The loungers in the Cemetery have time to gather at the door of the chapel; hearse and coaches draw up; there is a slapping of coach-steps and doors, and a bustle; the mourners follow not only the coffin, but the unmeaning cushion of plumes—for it would be sacrilege in an undertaker's eye to omit this serious and essential portion of the ceremony; then strangers elbow each other, after the mourners, and the door of the chapel (which contains an illuminated window) is shut; the funeral-service is read; the door is open once more, and the remains of the deceased are borne to the grave. The chief mourner is evidently a man in the middle ranks of life—not rich enough to be careless, and not poor enough *not* to care for appearances; *his* mind is too much affected to remark what has been done or what has been said: but for this poor, cold, unmeaning, funeral ceremony he will be mulcted in, at least, *fifty pounds*—while his doctor's bill may amount to twenty or thirty more.

What! our country reader may exclaim, must a man, whose

income is perhaps not more than two or three hundred pounds per annum, pay fifty pounds for burying, with bare decency, a member of his family? Yes, kind reader, it is even so. And we can tell you, too, that it is not even *bare decency*; for the greatest number of attendants are "hired mourners;" and undertakers' men, even though all clothed in black, are seldom lachrymose enough to maintain the dignity of their characters. The dumb "mutes," who are planted, with their muffled banners, on each side of a doorway on the day of a funeral, have not escaped the observation of Hood: any man, indeed, who walks London streets with an observing eye, may occasionally detect, on the countenances of mutes, paralytic expressions of countenance, which would defy the pencil of a Hogarth—such as when a mute is exchanging a recognitory ogle with the servant "next door," and, on any sudden alarm of an approach, relapses from grinning into gravity with a shock, like the springing of a rat-trap. Then, the cool, business-like alacrity with which all things are done: the undertaker may, at times, tread softly, and whisper; and his men may at times attempt to imitate him; but, alas! the semblance of sorrow is not even spread over the entire surface. The funeral service, impressive as it is, falls tamely on the ear; for, instead of being read, as it was originally intended to be read, by the parish-priest, familiar with the deceased, and in the hearing of those who knew his or her life and character, it is read by a man who is hired by the Cemetery Company, at so much per job, and who, if he were as earnest as Paul himself, must flag under the monotony of his daily duty. Yet, perhaps, there are not above eight or ten friends of the deceased present at the cold and expensive ceremony;—fifty pounds thrown away, under the influence of the tyranny of habit, and the tyranny of that most vulgar thing called *respectability*.

Not being in the "trade," we cannot undertake, at this moment, to give the various items which run up an undertaker's bill:—what with hearse, and "feathers," and coaches, and "mutes," with their muffled banners, and walking footmen in black, with their staves, and hat-bands and gloves for friends, a round sum is soon created. Indeed, as an undertaker remarked, in our hearing, the other day, a barely decent funeral may be done for eighteen or twenty pounds—but who, in London, laying any claim to *respectability*, would follow a coffin on foot? It was the practice in Scotland (we trust it is so still) for all decent folks, including decent working men of every degree, to keep a suit of black, with which to be able to attend the funerals of friends and acquaintances; and many a poor but honest man, who has toiled not unworthily through life, and dropped not unregarded into the grave, is followed to his long home by forty, fifty, ay, and even a hundred friends, all clad in black, with significant "weepers" at the wrists, presenting a sober, decent, and affecting spectacle,—the more consoling from the reflection, that not a glove nor a hat-band amongst the group has been contributed at the expense of the deceased's relations, except those worn by his immediate family.

The Cemetery fees are high; and the distance from particular parts of London to any one of them adds to the expense. In the "Catacombs," a space for a single coffin (which must be of lead) costs fourteen pounds; in the open ground, a brick grave—that is, a grave lined with brick, and calculated to hold six coffins—costs fifteen guineas, and the expense of the brickwork varies from eighteen to twenty-three pounds. The interment fees are five guineas; and, of course, nobody having a brick grave would think of leaving it unmarked by some kind of stone, which is additional expense. Common interments, in common graves, are lower.

Kensal-Green Cemetery covers nearly fifty acres of ground; and though it has only been established about seven years, and for some time interments were very slow in it,—people having to be accustomed to the idea of a cemetery, as distinct from a churchyard,—it is now becoming *populous*, if the reader will permit us to use such a term. There are a variety of monuments—a few neat and expressive, but the majority of no particular character. The chief monuments are generally in the form of urns, vases, dwarfed obelisks, &c., but by far the largest number are thin slabs,

set up on end, and being in rows round the Cemetery, appear, at a distance, like packs of cards edgewise, the falling of one of which would make all the rest run down. The catacombs, or vaults, are indicated by colonnades, which contain a number of monumental tablets. The two chapels—one for the performance of the funeral service of the Established Church, the other in "the unconsecrated part of the Cemetery," for the use of dissenters,—are widely apart, at opposite extremities of the inclosure.

The South Metropolitan Cemetery, at Norwood, is about five miles from the bridges, and occupies the north and north-west declivities of a hill, covering about forty acres. On the summit of the hill are two conspicuous buildings—the chapels for the funeral rites of churchmen and dissenters, which are not only near enough to make an unpleasant architectural contrast, but to force instantaneously on the mind the disagreeable fact, that hitherto religion has been the means of keeping men divided during their lives, and separates them in death. Others may indeed say, that it suggests the very reverse, reminding one of the progress of toleration and charity: but we would much rather that the idea of "toleration" should not be suggested at all, in a place whose chief business is to remind us that

"Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal laid  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

Though the Cemetery lies on the slope of a hill, the view is not extensive, as it is surrounded by a ring of gentle eminences, which, while they seclude and shut it up, give it a picturesque air, and one adapted to what may be termed the *pensive* character of the Cemetery. Glimpses of London may be obtained from the top of the hill; and that great landmark, the dome of St. Paul's, may be seen looming through the smoke and haze: but, on the whole, the South Metropolitan Cemetery is a quiet, picturesque place. There are scarcely any monuments yet erected in it.

The Highgate Cemetery is the smallest and the *prettiest* of the three. It occupies one side of Highgate Hill, running up to Highgate Church, which crowns the summit. The entrance gateway—a curious-looking pile—contains the chapel, a small plain room, with a painted window; and from hence the ascent is rapid, the view expanding as we rise. An "ingenious device" has been resorted to, in the construction of the catacombs. Continuing our ascent, we come to a covered passage, the entrance of which is flanked by two obelisks: this passage, or "crypt," is lined by sepulchral chambers, eight on each side, having "Egyptian" doors. The passage leads into a circular walk, or ring, the hill having been excavated in the form of a circular mound, which contains a number of closets or chambers, similar to those in the covered passage, and each with its "Egyptian" door. These chambers are small, but, being furnished with stone shelves, are capable of containing, each of them, a number of coffins. Having walked round this somewhat singular contrivance, we need not return by the covered passage; for, on the other side of the circular walk, there is a flight of steps, leading to a terrace immediately under Highgate Church, from which there is one of the finest views to be obtained in the neighbourhood of London. The catacombs lie below the spectator's feet, and have a striking appearance; the Cemetery ground, neatly laid out, covers the slope of the hill, looking like a flower-garden; and in the distance the great metropolis is spread out before the eye, east and west—all its towers, spires, and domes standing conspicuously out from the mass of roofs; and across the Thames, the back-ground is filled up by a screen of hills, running from Surrey into Kent, amongst which the spectator may endeavour, if he can, to discern the rival Cemetery at Norwood.

Other cemeteries are about to spring up in the neighbourhood of London: one, in particular, is now constructing at Stoke Newington—Abney Park, once the estate of the non-conformist, Sir Thomas Abney, the friend and patron of Dr. Watts, and where that worthy ornament of the dissenting body spent a large portion of his lifetime, being about to be made Abney Cemetery.



SURVEYING VOYAGES OF "THE ADVENTURE" AND  
"THE BEAGLE."\*NO. I.—THE STRAIT OF MAGELHAENS, COMMONLY CALLED  
MAGELLAN.

THERE is scarcely any class of society to whom the community at large is more indebted, than our naval officers, and scarcely any description of books affords such combined information and entertainment as their *own* accounts of their exertions in the cause of their country—either in fighting her battles, extending her empire, or adding to the general fund of knowledge. The nautical surveys which a long interval of peace has afforded time and opportunity to effect, and which have been carried on with a zeal and energy beyond praise, are of the most essential consequence to our commerce, especially at the present day, when our merchant vessels are habitually circumnavigating the globe, and are led by enterprise to visit the most remote and unfrequented quarters,—places which have never, until very recently, been laid down in the charts with any pretension to accuracy, and unknown to all, save the crews of a few wandering vessels that may have accidentally visited their shores.

The various surveys undertaken by direction of the Admiralty since the Peace, extend over a large part of the shores of every quarter of the globe; but our attention has been particularly drawn to the account of the examination of the Southern Shores of America, the Tierra del Fuego, and the Island of Chilóé, effected by Captains King, Stokes, and Fitzroy, recently published. Their charts and sailing directions are the result of years of painful labour, in a most arduous and dangerous service; and the narrative of their proceedings shows us how much we owe to the men who devote themselves to the service of their country, with equal zeal, in the comparatively inglorious but useful task of marking out the highways of the ocean, as in the more splendid career of warlike enterprise.

The coats surveyed in the voyages we have referred to have hitherto been so little known, and so much of fable has been mixed up with the accounts given by former voyagers, as to invest them with peculiar interest; and it is our purpose here to give a sketch of the proceedings of the two vessels which were despatched on this service.

On the 22d May, 1826, the *ADVENTURE*, "a roomy ship, of 330 tons burthen, without guns (excepting one for signals), lightly though strongly rigged, and very strongly built," commanded by Philip Parker King, commander and surveyor, senior officer of the expedition; and the *BEAGLE*, "a well-built little vessel, of 235 tons, rigged as a barque, and carrying six guns," commanded by Pringle Stokes, commander and surveyor, sailed from Plymouth, under orders to proceed to Rio de Janeiro, touching at Madeira and some other places specified, on the way; and after receiving supplies, and making all necessary arrangements with the commander-in-chief on the South American station, "to proceed to the entrance of the River Plata, to ascertain the longitudes of the Cape Santa Maria (on the northern bank of the embouchure of the Plata), and Monte Video: thence to proceed to survey the coasts, islands, and straits, from Cape Antonio, at the south side of the River Plata, to Chilóé, on the west coast of America, in such manner and order as the state of the season, the information received, or other circumstances, might induce the commanding officer to adopt." The vessels were to continue on the service until it should be completed, or some other cause should induce the commander to give it up. He was further directed "to avail himself of every opportunity of collecting and preserving specimens of such objects of natural history as might be new, rare, or interesting; and he was to instruct Captain Stokes, and all the other officers, to use their best diligence in increasing the collections in each ship—the whole of which was to be understood to belong to the public."

Nine government chronometers were embarked in the *Adventure*, and three in the *Beagle*, for the better determination of the longitudes; and both vessels were supplied with every requisite which experience could dictate for effecting the object of the expedition, and providing for the health and comfort of those engaged in it.

After touching at Madeira, Teneriffe, and St. Jago, both ships anchored at Rio de Janeiro on the 10th of August, and remained there until the 2d of October, when they sailed to the River Plata.

In Maldonado, on the north side of the River Plata, their anchors were dropped on the 13th of the same month; and, till the 12th November, each vessel was employed on the north side of the river, between Cape Santa Maria and Monte Video.

It was thought best to undertake the most difficult part of the survey first, and accordingly, after all necessary observations had been made at or near Monte Video, the vessels, after leaving that place on the 19th November, steered direct for the Strait of Magelhaens.\* At Port Santa Elena, (between the 44th and 45th parallels of south latitude,) which they reached on the 28th, they remained some days. One object of their visit was to observe an eclipse of the sun, but the state of the weather rendered that impracticable.

They left Port Santa Elena on the 5th December, and on the 13th were off Cape Fairweather, a point so similar to Cape Virgins, the north-east entrance of the Strait of Magelhaens, as to deceive all on board, until the ship's real position was ascertained. This remarkable resemblance has frequently led mariners into error; a fact which leads us to notice it here. They landed near Cape Fairweather, where Captain Stokes took some observations, and fixed the positions of the more remarkable points of land. One of the party shot a guanaco, a species of llama, with long woolly hair: these animals are found in numerous herds in the eastern part of Patagonia, but appear to be scarce on the western shores. Their flesh is very good eating, and the occasional supplies subsequently obtained from the Indians were of the greatest service in preserving the health of the ships' companies.

On the 20th of December they passed Cape Virgins, and entered the Strait, which is here of considerable width, and almost immediately extends into wide bays on either side; but it is as suddenly contracted to a very narrow passage, called "the First Narrows," through which the tide sets with great force, running, in the narrower parts, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Great caution is necessary in approaching this passage, so as to pass at the most favourable time. Captain King "twice passed through it against a strong breeze blowing directly through, by the aid of the tide." After passing the First Narrows, the channel again opens out, and in Gregory Bay, on the northern coast, safe anchorage is found: this is a convenient resting-place previous to attempting the Second Narrows, which, though not so formidable as the first, must be passed with great attention to the state of the tide, which runs through them to the eastward three hours after it has turned to the westward at Gregory Bay. Beyond the Second Narrows lies Elizabeth Island; and to the northward, on the Patagonian shore, is Peckett Harbour, a secure anchorage, where the Patagonian Indians are frequently to be met with, and where the crews of the *Adventure* and the *Beagle* several times procured supplies of fresh provisions. The course of the channel to the end of the Second Narrows inclines but slightly to the southward; it then bends almost directly south, and is wide and unencumbered with rocks or islands as far as Port Famine, about 33° 35' S. lat., where the *Adventure* and *Beagle* anchored on the 2d of January, 1827.

The Strait of Magelhaens may be divided into three portions—the eastern, the central, and the western, each distinguished by very marked peculiarities. The eastern portion, extending, on the Patagonian side, as far as Cape Negro, near the western end of Elizabeth Island, is of recent formation, and generally low. "On the north shore, however, near Cape Gregory," says Captain King, "a range of high land commences suddenly, with rather a precipitous ascent, and extends for forty miles to the north-east, where it terminates in detached rocky hills. The south-western end of the range is a ridge of flat-topped land covered with soil, but with here and there a protruding mass of primitive rock: one of these appeared to be of sienite or granite." A range of hills on the south side appeared to be similar, and the appearance of the Narrows and the smaller ranges of eminences has a general resemblance of character to these two ranges. Not a tree is to be found in this portion of the strait. "The nature of the soil is not favourable to plants which take a deep root, and therefore only shrubs and grasses are found: the former are thinly scattered over the extensive plains which characterise the country; but the grasses are abundant, and, although of a harsh and dry appearance, must be nourishing; for they form the chosen food of numerous and large herds of guanocoes."

The central portion may be considered as bounded by Port

\* Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H.M.S. *Adventure* and *Beagle*, between the Years 1826 and 1836. 3 Vols. 8vo.—London, 1839. Colburn.

\* Usually termed Magellan, but the correct orthography of the name of the voyager from whom they take their title is as above, and has been adopted by Captains King and Fitzroy.

Famine, where the rocks consist of clay slate, on the western side, and Cape Negro, where the clay formation commences on the east. The strait is here quite free from islands; "the mountains are high and precipitate, and consequently not easy to be ascended. They are in general three thousand feet, but some are found to be four thousand feet in height; and one, Mount Sarmiento, is upwards of six thousand feet high, and is covered throughout the year with snow. The line of perpetual snow seems to be about 3500 feet above the sea: the mountains whose height does not exceed three thousand are, during the summer, frequently free from any, excepting in holes where a large quantity is accumulated by drifting, and protected from the sun. The slate-formation continues as far as Freshwater Bay," [not quite half-way towards Cape Negro,] "where the stratified rocks leave the coast, and extend in a north-west direction. The soil then becomes apparently a mixture of decomposed slate and clay; the slate gradually disappearing on approaching to Cape Negro. Vegetation is abundant over all the slate-formation. From the regularity of the direction of the strata, the valleys are extensive, and much alluvial soil is washed down, which, blending with fallen leaves and other putrescent substances, produces a good superficial soil, in which trees grow to a large size, and the shrubs and smaller plants become particularly luxuriant and productive. The trees, the chief of which are the evergreen beech (*Fagus betuloides*) and the winter's bark (*Winterana aromatica*) are generally rotten at the heart; a circumstance which Captain King supposes may be attributed "to the coldness of the schistose subsoil upon which the trees are rooted, as well as to the perpetual moisture of the climate."

Both these trees are evergreens, and Captain King describes the country and hills as covered, from the height of two thousand feet above the sea to the very verge of high-water mark, with a perpetual verdure which is remarkably striking, particularly in those places where the glaciers\* descend into the sea; the sudden contrast in such cases presenting to the view a scene as agreeable as it seems to be anomalous. "I have myself," he continues, "seen vegetation thriving most luxuriantly, and large woody stemmed trees of fuschia and vernicia,† (in England considered and treated as tender plants,) in full flower, within a very short distance of the base of a mountain covered for two-thirds down with snow, and with the temperature at thirty-six degrees. The fuschia certainly was rarely found except in sheltered spots, but not so the vernicia; for the beaches of the bays on the west side of San Juan Island, at Port San Antonio, are lined with trees of the latter, growing even in the very wash of the sea. There is no part of the Strait more exposed to the wind than this, for it faces the reach to the west of Cape Forward, down which the wind continually blows, and brings with it a succession of rain, sleet, or snow; and in the winter months, from April to August, the ground is covered with a layer of snow, from six inches to two or three feet in depth. There must be, therefore, some peculiar quality in the atmosphere of this otherwise rigorous climate which favours vegetation; for, if not, these comparatively delicate plants could not live and flourish through the long and severe winters of this region. In the summer, the temperature at night was frequently as low as 29° of Fahrenheit; and yet I never noticed, the following morning, any blight or injury sustained by these plants, even in the slightest degree.

"Whilst upon this subject, there are two facts which may be mentioned as illustrative of the mildness of the climate, notwithstanding the lowness of the temperature. One is the comparative warmth of the sea near its surface, between which and the air I have, in the month of June (the middle of the winter season), observed a difference of 30°, upon which occasion the sea was covered with a cloud of steam. The other is, that parrots and humming-birds, generally the inhabitants of warm regions, are very numerous in the southern and western parts of the strait; the former feeding upon the seeds of the winter's bark, and the latter having been seen by us chirping and sipping the sweets of the fuschia and other flowers, after two or three days of constant rain, snow, and sleet, during which the thermometer had been at the freezing point."

The western portion of the strait, which, from Cape Forward, some distance beyond Port Famine, trends to the north-west, is described by Captain King as "composed of a succession of stratified rocks, a difference at once distinguishable by the form and nature of the ranges, and the direction of the shores; the hills are

irregularly heaped together; the sounds are intricate and tortuous in their course; and the shores are formed by deep sinuosities and prominently projecting headlands; the channels also are studded with innumerable islands and rocks, extremely dangerous for navigation. In this position the rock is for the most part granite and greenstone; and it is a remarkable fact that where the greenstone formation terminates, there the islands cease to appear. The decomposition of granite and the other primitive rocks which are found there, forms but a poor unproductive soil, so that although the land is thickly covered with shrubs, they are all small and stunted; the torrents of water also that pour down the steep sides of the hills wash away the partial accumulations of soil that are occasionally deposited; consequently few trees are to be found, excepting in clefts and recesses of the rock, where decomposed vegetable matter collects and nourishes their growth; but even there they are low and stunted, for the most luxuriant seldom attain a larger diameter than nine or ten inches."

We are afraid our readers will complain that we are tedious in this long detail, but without such a particular description, or the aid of charts, it would have been difficult to give a clear idea of the labours of our adventurous voyagers, whom we left anchored at Port Famine, and to whom we hasten to return, promising for the future to be as entertaining as possible, but begging it to be understood that, like the *Spectator* of other days, "whenever we are particularly dull, our readers may be assured we have a design in it."

Port Famine derives its ill-omened name from the melancholy fate of a colony sent out here by Philip II. to take possession of and defend the straits. Two settlements were made, one at "Jesus," between the first and second narrows, and the other at San Felipe, now Port Famine. The colonists were cruelly neglected by their mother-country, and received neither supplies of provisions or any kind of assistance; and Sarmiento, who had projected the settlement, and was entrusted with its command, after making the most strenuous efforts to procure relief at Rio de Janeiro for his suffering companions, was taken prisoner on his voyage to Spain. After this, the colony was utterly abandoned, and of the whole number but two were saved, both by English vessels—one by Cavendish in 1587, and one in 1589, by Andrew Mericke. This "last man" said "that he had lived in those parts six years, and was one of the four hundred men sent thither by the King of Spain in the year 1582 to fortify and inhabit there, to hinder the passage of all strangers that way into the South Sea. But that town (San Felipe) and the other Spanish colony being destroyed by famine, he said he had lived in a house by himself a long time, and relieved himself with his caliver (fire-lock) until Mericke's arrival." This poor fellow died on the voyage to Europe. Cavendish gave the name of Port Famine to San Felipe, in remembrance of the wretched state of the colonists, and by that name it has since been called, but it is one of the most productive spots in all the strait, there being an abundance of food and water. The harbour is excellent, and its central situation rendering it very convenient for Capt. King's purposes, he fixed upon it for his head-quarters during the survey.

As soon as the ship was moored, tents were pitched on shore; the decked boat carried by the *Adventure* was hoisted out to be coppered and equipped for the survey, and Capt. Stokes received orders to prepare the *Beagle* for examining the western part of the strait; previous to which she required to be partially refitted and supplied with fuel and water. He sailed on the 15th January. The *Hope* was despatched to explore the San Sebastian channel, and other inlets, on the southern side of the strait running into Tierra del Fuego, and meantime Capt. King was occupied in the survey of the coasts in the neighbourhood of Port Famine. In the conduct of trigonometrical surveys, it is very important to make observations and obtain bearings from the most elevated points that can be reached, and for this purpose Capt. King determined to ascend Mount Tarn\*, the highest land near Port Famine. "Our way," says Capt. King, "led through thick underwood, and then with a gradual ascent among fallen trees, covered with so thick a coating of moss that at every step we sunk up to the knees before firm footing could be found. It was very laborious work, and the ground being saturated, and each tree dripping with moisture, we were soon wet through. We proceeded along the same sort of road up a steep ascent; some one of the party constantly falling into deep holes covered by moss, or stumbling over fallen trunks of trees. As I carried a barometer, I was obliged to proceed with

\* Immense glaciers were discovered in several places, in the course of the survey.

† The stems of both from six to seven inches in diameter.

\* So named, because Mr. Tarn, the Surgeon of the *Adventure*, was the first person who reached its summit.

caution, and succeeded in emerging from this jungle without accident. After three-quarters of an hour spent in this way, we reached an open space, where we rested, and I set up the barometer. Our road hence was rather more varied: always steep, but sometimes free from impediment. Here and there we observed the boggy soil was faced with a small plant (*Chamitis op.*) of a harsh character, growing so thick and close as to form large tufts, over which we walked as on hard ground. We struggled through several thickets of stunted beech-trees, with a thick jungle of berberis underneath, whose strong and sharp thorns penetrated our clothes at every step, and began to find the fatigue very oppressive; some of my boat's crew suffered much, being unused to such exercise." A party had preceded Capt. King, and had got a tent pitched and a fire lighted, at a station about 960 feet above the sea, where they all slept. "The ground was so exceedingly wet that although we slept upon branches, forming a layer at least a foot thick, we found ourselves, in the night, lying as if in a morass, and suffering from cold, even with a large fire blazing at our feet." In the morning, "we resumed our ascent, and passed over rather than through thickets of the crumple-leaved beech, which, from their exposure to the prevailing winds, rose no higher than twelve or fourteen inches from the ground, with widely-spreading branches, so closely interwoven as to form a platform that bore our weight in walking." Better ground succeeded, and three hours' labour placed them on the highest pinnacle, about 2,800 feet above the sea. Here they immediately set up their instruments. "I was obliged," continues Capt. King, "to avail myself of Mr. Tarn's assistance to hold the barometer whilst two of my boat's crew held the legs of the theodolite stand, for the wind was blowing very strongly, and the edge of a precipice was close to us, perpendicular for many hundred feet, and thence downwards so steep, that anybody going over would fall at least a thousand feet. The theodolite stand was unavoidably placed within a very few inches of the edge, and I took a round of angles, suffering however intense pain from the piercing coldness of the wind, which, heated as we were by the ascent, was much felt, though the temperature was not lower than 39°. I was lightly clothed, and should have fared badly, had not one of the party lent me his Flushing jacket, while he descended under the lee of the mountain-top to make a fire. The bearings and observations, which occupied me nearly two hours, being completed, we all adjourned to a sheltered cleft in the rock, close to our station, when we soon recovered the use of our fingers."

On the return of the *Hope*, Capt. King himself embarked in her to prosecute the inquiries begun in her former trip. Passing through Gabriel Channel, a remarkable passage, between two and three miles wide at the broadest part, but contracting in the middle, and running in nearly a straight line between two ranges of slate rock, he "noticed some extraordinary effects of the whirlwinds which so frequently occur in Tierra del Fuego. The crews of sealing-vessels call them 'willewaws,' or 'hurricane-squalls,' and they are most violent. The south-west gales, which blow upon the coast with extreme fury, are pent up and impeded in passing over the high lands; when, increasing in power, they rush violently over the edges of precipices, expand as it were, and descending perpendicularly, destroy everything moveable. The surface of the water, when struck by these gusts, is so agitated, as to be covered with foam, which is taken up by them, and flies before their fury until dispersed in vapour. Ships at anchor under high land are sometimes suddenly thrown over on their beam ends, and the next moment recover their equilibrium as if nothing had occurred. Again a squall strikes them perhaps on the other side, and over they heel before its rage: the cable becomes strained and checks the ship with a jerk, that causes her to start ahead through the water, until again stopped by the cable, or driven astern by another gust of wind. At all these anchorages, under high land, there are some parts more exposed than others; and by watching for those places which are least troubled by these squalls, a more secure, or rather a more quiet, spot may be selected. I do not consider ships so anchored to be in danger if their ground tackle be good; but everything that offers a stiff resistance must suffer from the fury of their blasts. In many parts of this country trees are torn up by the roots, or rent asunder by the wind; and in the Gabriel Channel the 'willewaws,' bursting over the mountainous ridge, which forms the south side of the Channel, descend, and striking against the base of the opposite shore, rush up the steep, and carry all before them. I know of nothing to which I can better compare the bared track left by one of these squalls, than to a bad broad road. After having made such an opening, the wind frequently sweeping through prevents the growth of vegeta-

tion. Confused masses of up-rooted trees lie at the lower ends of these bared tracts, and show plainly what power has been exerted."

We cannot pursue the exact course taken in these boat expeditions, for all description would be unavailing without the assistance of the charts which accompany the volumes under our consideration. Neither shall we in this place make particular mention of the various interviews which took place with the Fuegian Indians, with whom a trifling trade was opened, chiefly in skins of the sea-otter, which the Fuegians hunt with their dogs. When we describe the voyage of the *Beagle* under Capt. Fitzroy, we shall have occasion to make particular mention of the Indians, and shall take that opportunity of giving a general account of both the Fuegians and Patagonians. The loss of their companions, one of them Mr. Ainsworth, the Master of the *Adventure*, by the upsetting of a boat, threw a damp over the spirits of the whole party, which was further increased by anxiety respecting the fate of the *Beagle*, which had outstayed the time appointed for her return. At length she appeared, and answered the first hail with the cheerful reply—"All's well."

Capt. Stokes had succeeded in his purpose after a most difficult and trying voyage, during which the crew suffered much from bad weather; both vessels prepared to return to Monte Video to refit. Capt. Stokes, on the return from the western extremity of the straits, had had the gratification of rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the *Prince of Saxe Cobourg*, a sealing-vessel belonging to Mr. Weddell, whose voyage towards the South Pole is so well known, commanded by Capt. Matthew Brisbane, who accompanied Mr. Weddell on that occasion. With the master and crew of the shipwrecked vessel, and all their personal property, and the greater part of the seal-skins forming their cargo on board, the *Adventure* and *Beagle* set sail on the 8th May. At Gregory Bay they had an interview with a party of Patagonians, from whom they procured a supply of fresh guanaco meat, and again weighing anchor, they reached Monte Video on the 24th May, 1827.

From Monte Video they went to Rio to procure stores, and prepare for another voyage to the strait. Capt. King also applied for a tender to facilitate the surveys of the sounds and deep channels and the neighbourhood of the strait, and the inner sounds on the west coast, to which neither the *Adventure* nor the *Beagle* were adapted. But the detail of their further proceedings we must postpone to a future Number.

#### MILITARY ANECDOTE.

WHEN Sir John Moore was retreating through Galicia, a party of the 15th Hussars, in which regiment I then served, arrived late one night at a solitary house, midway between Lugos and Valmeda. We had had nothing to eat all day, and were famishing, particularly for want of bread, which had not crossed our lips for some time back; and as the Spanish peasantry generally keep some loaves in store, it became our great object to get possession of the prize at every hazard. A close search, however, in all quarters where such things used to be found proved unavailing, and we set round the hearth in the kitchen, wet, weary, cold, dissatisfied, and out of humour. At last it was observed that the padrone and his wife, having seated themselves on a large chest near the fire-place, could not, by entreaties or any other device, be induced to move. "I'll be shot," cried the man of the horse-artillery, "if the old rascal's store of bread be not in that chest; and hang me if I don't get at it in spite of him." We laughed, and asked him how he would proceed? "Oh, I'll tell you how to proceed," cried he. "The Spaniards, you know, are a mighty religious people, and we must humour them. Let's sing a hymn on our knees, and when they see us in that attitude, the chance is much against us if they don't kneel too." "A hymn!" shouted we; "what hymn?" "Nay," replied the artillery-man, "I dare say you are all wretched hands at psalmody; but surely we all know 'God save the King.' So here goes, boys;—down with you on your marrow-bones, and up with the stave." Down, accordingly, we all knelt, and, with faces as grave as if we had been in church, struck up "God save the King." The Spaniards stared. One of us contrived to make them understand that we were chanting a hymn to the Virgin; and sure enough they too knelt down, and put their hands together. This was all that our friend desired. He quietly raised the lid of the trunk, withdrew half-a-dozen loaves, popped them into a nose-bag, and never was noticed. We had a capital supper that night, and many a good laugh afterwards at the recollection of our successful psalm-singing.

*Gleig's Chelsea Hospital and its Traditions.*



## THE MAN OF LEISURE.\*

MRS. SHERIDAN, a happy wife and mother, having concluded the bustle of a housekeeper's morning, ascended to her bedroom with the agreeable consciousness of a neat parlour and pantry, and commenced the important business of cutting out a piece of linen. The smooth surface of a well-made bed was appropriated to this somewhat intricate process, on which, humble as it seems, the happiness of one's husband greatly depends. There is scarcely a more forlorn or pitiable object in the universe than a man, who, putting on a new shirt, perceives some radical defect, with the awful consciousness that nine, fifteen, or twenty more are cut upon the same pattern. It so happened that Mr. Sheridan had detected, almost with complacency, the incipient decay of a set of shirts that had kept his neck as in a vice for a year and a half, and with many injunctions to his wife to be merciful, had purchased a piece of new linen.

Mrs. Sheridan began her work with a light heart, and humming a low tune, placed the various pieces on different parts of the bed, in the most systematic manner. It is delightful to create; and the humble evolutions of the needle and scissors have healed many a wounded heart; but to work for those we love gives an added charm to this seemingly humble employment. Mrs. Sheridan went tripping lightly round the bed to the growing tumuli of gussets, wristbands, &c., looking back to her life of placid duty, where even the clouds that had sometimes shaded her path were tinged with the light of love and hope.

She had not advanced far in the progress of her work, when a ring at the door-bell was heard, and a visitor announced. She smoothed down the border of her pretty morning-cap, and with a sorrowful parting glance at the bed, descended to the parlour.

The visitor was Mr. Inklin, a broken merchant, who had contrived to save just enough for his support, without energy to strike into new plans, though it was his intention to enter upon some occupation at a future day. Mr. Inklin had no gift in conversation—his voice was an anodyne, and his sleepy eyes seemed wandering to the ends of the earth. Nothing is so chilling in conversation as an unanswering eye. Besides this unfixed look, he kept up perpetually a grunting kind of affirmative, which destroyed the hope that a difference of opinion might stimulate his ideas. He dressed well, and made great use of his watch-key. Most men of leisure do.

The man of leisure sat down composedly, remarking that the day was fine.

Mrs. Sheridan assented, and tried to recollect if she had stuck a pin as a guide where she had drawn the last thread in the linen.

Mr. Inklin enlarged upon the weather. "It had been warm," he asserted, "perhaps warmer than it was that time twelvemonth. Warm weather agreed with him. He thought it might last a few days longer—it was apt to in June."

Mrs. Sheridan looked towards him as he spoke, but it was to observe that his shirt-collar was more pointed than Mr. Sheridan's.

"You have a quiet time," said the man of leisure, "with the children at school."

"Yes, sir—very quiet," said Mrs. Sheridan, falling into a reverie, as she thought how well it was adapted to cutting out shirts.

Mr. Inklin went through the common-place matter of morning visitors, with many a resting-place between, until he remarked that "the wind was rising." Mrs. Sheridan had observed it too, with a feeling of dismay at the prospect of the commingling of all her shirt elements.

The man of leisure staid an hour, (he liked a morning-visit one hour long,) and then exclaiming, as the hand of his watch turned the expected point, "Bless my soul! past twelve o'clock!" made his bow, and departed.

Mrs. Sheridan went to her chamber. The wind was whirling neck, sleeve, and flap gussets in unceremonious heaps; and collars, wristbands, and facings were dancing in eddies on the floor. In her agitation she lost the important boundary-pin, and an error occurred in her calculations. The shirts were made, but for eighteen months her husband never took one from his drawer but with a nervous shudder or a suppressed execration.

\* From Tales and Ballads, by Mrs. Gilman, an American Lady.

## THE MAN OF LEISURE IN A COUNTING-HOUSE.

The man of leisure next visited the counting-room of B—— and Co., and socially seating himself on a barrel, hoped he should not prevent the head-clerk, who was his acquaintance, from writing.

"Not at all," said the polite clerk, putting his pen behind his ear with a constrained air.

"Pray don't stop on my account," said Mr. Inklin, with a patronising smile.

The clerk returned to his accounts and letters, while the man of leisure described, with somewhat more animation than usual, some herring he had eaten for breakfast. The clerk made an error in a figure, which cost Messrs. B—— and Co. one week to rectify; and one of the correspondents of the firm was shortly after surprised with the announcement by letter, that a hundred bales of pickled herring would shortly be forwarded to order.

## THE MAN OF LEISURE AND HIS MINISTER.

It was Saturday night, and the Rev. Dr. Ingram sat in his study with his sheets before him, commentators and lexicons around him, and a well-mended pen in hand, when the man of leisure was announced. He entered slowly and almost diffidently, so that the compression of the Doctor's brow, produced by the interruption, gave way to an open smile of encouragement. I have mentioned that Mr. Inklin was taciturn, and not only that, but that he threw an opiate over the minds of his associates—there were long pauses in that long hour, and the good words of the clergyman fell on barren ground. At length Mr. Inklin arose, saying, "I fear I have broken the thread of your argument, sir." And broken it was. Dr. Ingram retouched the nib of his pen; listlessly turned the pages of Clark, Rosenmüller, Grotius, &c., rubbed his forehead, took two or three turns across the room, and threw himself on a seat in despair. The impetus was gone—the argument was frittered away; he stole off to bed, and dreamed that a thirty-two pounder was resting on his chest, with the man of leisure surmounting it.

## THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE POLITICIAN.

As Mr. Inklin was walking the next morning, with his usual measured step, his arm was touched by a serious-looking gentleman with spectacles.

"Fine weather," said the gentleman in specs.

"Uncommon fine," said the man of leisure; "nine more days of fair weather this month than the last."

"By the way, my dear sir," said the gentleman in specs, "I must not forget to tell you that \*\*\*\*\* has set up an opposing claim to the office for which I am a candidate. My friends have calculated closely, and it is ascertained that a very few votes will turn the scale in my favour. May I hope for your aid at the election to-morrow?" As the man in specs concluded, he cast a slightly inquisitorial glance on the somewhat worn-through, well-brushed suit of Mr. Inklin.

"Assuredly, my dear sir," said the man of leisure, with a patronising air. "I will make it my special business to attend to your interests."

Crowds pressed to the polls on the following day, at the appointed hour. The man in specs was there, smiling benignly. The opposing candidate was announced as elected by a majority of one.

As the man in specs walked home, he met Mr. Inklin coming with a more rapid pace than usual, followed by two men in ragged jackets.

"Hope I am not too late with my friends," said the man of leisure.

The politician's lips moved, and he "grinned ghastly." His words were inaudible, but his thoughts were, "Wear your old coat and be hanged."

## THE MAN OF LEISURE AND HIS LAUNDRESS.

"Plase your honour," said the laundress, as she laid two nicely bleached shirts, neck-cloths, and pocket-handkerchiefs on Mr. Inklin's dressing-table, "ye are owing for three months; and the soap and the starch and the firing runs up a heap, and my good man Patrick, that should be a help, lying with his broken *shoulther*, and the landlord seeking his rent, and me not able to tell which side to look, and poor Patrick to be turned out of doors for no crime at all, if you plase, sir."

"O, really, yes; I remember hearing of Patrick's fall. A very clever fellow that husband of yours. Here are two dollars, and I will give you the remaining trifle next week."

"Trifle!" said the laundress, counting on her fingers the amount of twelve dollars due, as she left the room, "that's a trifle to some as isn't to others."

Two days after, while the man of leisure was fastening a paste brooch in his smoothly-folded shirt-bosom, poor Patrick was borne to the workhouse for a shelter.

#### THE MAN OF LEISURE AND A PRETTY GIRL.

The man of leisure called on Miss Emma Roberts, a pretty, blooming girl of seventeen. Emma was clear-starching. Talk about the trials of men! What have they to annoy them in comparison with the mysteries of clear-starching; alas! how seldom clear! Emma was going on in the full tide of success, indulging in the buoyant thoughts of her age; there was a soft light about her eye as she drew out the edge of a *fichu*, or clapped it with her small hands, as if they felt the impulse of young hopes.

"I am sure Harry Bertram looked at this collar last Sunday; I wonder if he liked it," thought she, and a gentle sigh rustled the folds of the morning robe on her bosom. Just then the door-bell sounded, and the man of leisure walked into the sitting-room, where Emma, with a nice establishment of smoothing-irons, &c. had ensconced herself for the morning.

"You won't mind a friend's looking in upon you," said Mr. Inklin, with an at-home air.

Emma blushed, loosened the strings of her apron, gave a glance at her starched fingers, and saying, "Take a seat, sir," suspended her work with the grace of natural politeness. In the meanwhile, the starch grew cold, and the irons were overheated. Emma was not loquacious, and the dead pauses were neither few nor far between. Emma, rendered desperate, renewed her operations, but with diminished ardour; her clapping was feeble as the applause to an unpopular orator; she burnt her fingers, her face became flushed—and, by the time the man of leisure had sate out his hour, a grey hue had settled over her muslins, and an indelible smutch disfigured Harry Bertram's collar.

Mr. Inklin soon called again, and met Harry Bertram. It was no influence of coquetry—but Emma rallied her powers, and talked more to Mr. Inklin than to Harry—a modest youth, thrown somewhat into the shade by the veteran visitor, who outstaid him. Harry, who was not a man of leisure, could not call for several days; when he did, Mr. Inklin had "dropped in" before him, and was twirling his watch-key, with his cold, wandering eyes and everlasting affirmatives. Emma sewed industriously, and her dark lashes concealed her eyes. Her cheeks were beautifully flushed, but for whom? Mr. Inklin toyed with her work-box, without seeming to know that he was touching what Harry thought a shrine.

Harry looked a little fierce, and bade good night abruptly. Emma raised her soft eyes with a look that ought to have detained a reasonable man, but he was prepossessed, and the kind glance was lost. Emma wished Mr. Inklin at the bottom of the sea, but there he sat, looking privileged, because he was a man of leisure.

The fastening of the windows reminded him that it was time to go, for he did not limit his evening calls to an hour. Emma went to her bed-room. She was just ready to cry, but a glance at her mirror showed such bright cheeks that it stopped the tears, and she fell into a passion. She tied her night-cap into a hard knot, and broke the string in a pet.

"Harry Bertram is a fool," said she, "to let that stick of a man keep him from me. I wish I could change places with him,"—and, sitting down on a low seat, she trotted her foot, and heaved some deep sighs.

The man of leisure "just called in" twice a week, for three months. Report was busy—Harry's pride was roused. He offered himself to another pretty girl, and was accepted. Emma's bright cheeks faded, her step grew slow, and her voice was no longer heard in its gay carol from stair to stair. She was never talkative, but now she was sad. Mr. Inklin continued to "drop in," his heart was a little love-touched, but then there was "time enough." One evening he came with a look of news.

"I have brought you a bit of Harry Bertram's wedding-cake," said he to Emma.

Emma turned pale, then red, and burst into tears. The man of leisure was concerned. Emma looked very prettily as she struggled with her feelings, while the tears dried away; and he offered her his heart and hand.

"I would sooner lie down in my grave than marry you," said the gentle Emma, in a voice so loud that Mr. Inklin started, and, rushing to her own apartment, the china rang in the closet

as she slammed the door. Mr. Inklin was astonished. Poor Emma covered up her heart and smiled again, but she never married, nor ever destroyed a little flower that Harry Bertram gave her, when it was right for her to love and hope. The man of leisure bore her refusal with philosophy, and continued to "drop in."

#### THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PALE BOY.

"You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale, blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin, "I shall be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask for the place for me yesterday?" said the pale boy, on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer! "I was busy, but I will to-day."

"God help my poor mother!" murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the hotel. They shouted for joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, *three meals!*—and it won't take me three minutes to run home and share it with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place.

"Not yet," said the man of leisure, "but there is time enough."

The cent that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

"It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late," said Mr. Inklin.

"Not a soul to brush my coat."

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of leisure, "but the place in Mr. C—'s store was taken up yesterday."

"The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he, sobbing, "we may as well starve. Mother is dead."

The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar.

#### THE MAN OF LEISURE ON A DEATH-BED.

Mr. Inklin was taken ill. He had said often that he thought religion might be a good thing, and he meant to look into it. His minister hastened to him, and spake to him of eternal truths. With parched lips he bade him come to-morrow.

That night the man of leisure died.

#### A SCOTTISH DRUNKARD REFORMED.

The only instance I have ever known of a confirmed dram-drinker giving the practice up, was Mr. S—, an Aberdeenshire squire, who once drank to such an excess that he fell into a stupor, in which he continued for many hours without any visible signs of life, and was thought to be dead. He was stretched out accordingly; a carpenter being summoned to measure the body for a coffin, and the funeral cakes (called burying bread) ordered. An old woman who watched by the corpse had fallen asleep, but was awakened by a noise resembling sneezing: she jumped up, and perceived the laird stirring one of his hands. Her fright and astonishment may be imagined; and, sallying forth, she alarmed the whole family. The doctor who had been sent for was still in the house, and found the dead man come to life. Restoratives were administered, and he was put into a warm bed, where he slept off the fumes of his debauch, without any knowledge of what had occurred. He was so horrified, however, on being told how nearly he had escaped being buried alive, that he made a resolution to drink no more. The doctor recommended a gradual abolition; and in six months his daily dose was reduced from a quart to a wine-glassful, to which quantity he limited himself for the rest of his life (fifteen or twenty years). His health was perfectly restored. Seven years after, he met the baker of the county town who had sent him the funeral cakes. This fellow was a wag, and sort of licensed character. Addressing the squire (who had been formerly at the head of the corporation) by his old title, he said, "Provost, you have, I dare say, seen in your time many an unco thing: but saw you ever afore an account of your burying bread due seven years, and no paid for yet?"—and at the same time he thrust the bill into his hand!—*Gordon's Memoirs.*



## AMATEUR GIGMEN.

It is rather odd that there should be such a thing as a *passion* for gig driving—that there should be people afflicted with a mania—an absolute mania—for driving about in two-wheeled vehicles. The victims of this propensity are not, perhaps, very numerous; but they are sufficiently so, we think, to warrant us in singling them out as a class, and taking a glance at them for the edification of our readers.

Before doing so, however, we request it to be observed, that the propensity which we would designate as “the gig-driving mania” is not the composed orderly indulgence of those whose circumstances enable them to maintain gigs of their own, nor of those whose business requires the convenience of such vehicles. This kind of gigging is all a matter-of-course sort of thing, and presents none of the peculiarities—none of the features nor characteristics—which distinguish the particular fancy which we would speak of, nor of the particular class who indulge it. The passion for gig-driving—the rampant passion with which we would deal on the present occasion, is to be found only, or at least in greatest intensity, amongst such persons as, say—clerks on tolerable salaries, smart young master-tradesmen, &c. &c. who can only now and then indulge their vehicular fancies by hiring a gig on Sundays and other holidays.

We need hardly remark, that it is the performances of amateur gigmen that fill the newspaper columns of accidents with all those horrible stories about gigs run away with, and breaking the necks of their drivers, or the legs of those who are unfortunate enough to come in their way. It is the amateur gigman, and he alone (at least in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred), who is at the bottom, or rather who is the hero, of all those shocking occurrences which we find chronicled in such paragraphs as the following:—

“*Appalling Accident.*—Yesterday, as a gentleman in a gig was driving along Piccadilly, the horse suddenly became restive and unruly, and finally set off at a tremendous speed with his unfortunate driver, who, with looks and gestures of despair, kept pulling and tugging with might and main at the reins, but to no purpose. The furious animal held on his mad career, regardless of all efforts to restrain him. The sight was appalling in the extreme. At one moment the wheels of the gig were seen spinning high in the air; at another, coming in indirect but violent collision with carts and carriages. The vehicle itself seemed every moment on the eve of being dashed into ten thousand pieces. The alarm created was dreadful: women and children screaming and flying in all directions, and men hurrying and crowding into every open door that presented itself. For some time the gig kept the middle of the street, but at length got upon the flag-stones, when a tremendous crashing of windows and lamps began to mark the career of the infuriated animal. This frightful progress continued throughout two-thirds of the whole length of Piccadilly; and, doubtless, had the animal continued along the great western road, there would have been much more mischief. But fortunately, it came at length to Hyde-park Corner, which wound up the catastrophe. The driver, who seemed a gentleman, tried to turn the furious animal's head down Grosvenor-place towards Piccadilly; but the spirited creature, having doubtless been formerly an inmate of a nobleman's family, and accustomed to the park, turned his head the other way, and tried to dash in by the gate adjoining Apsley House, the town residence of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who, we are credibly assured, was a spectator of the scene. At this afflicting crisis, the wheel caught the curb-stone: the shock was tremendous, the gentleman's whip flew over the rails into the park, and he himself, with his horse and gig, rolled in the gravel, petrifying all who beheld it. The unfortunate gentleman is much cut about the face and other parts of his body, and has had, besides, two ribs and an arm broken. But, we are sorry to add, this is not all. A woman and child have also been knocked down and run over by the gig, and now lie in St. George's Hospital, in a dangerous state. It is further said, that a gentleman who endeavoured to stop the gig has been seriously injured. The gig itself is literally smashed to pieces, and the horse is so torn and lacerated, that it is believed he is now fit only to be handed over to the tender mercies of those benevolent individuals, the knackers. The damage done to property by this unhappy occurrence is reckoned at seventy or eighty pounds, which includes about ten yards of iron railing, shattered and laid prostrate by the wheels of the gig. What the doctors' bills in connexion with the unfortunate accident may amount to, cannot yet be estimated.”

Such, then, is a specimen of the performances of the amateur gigman.

It may be matter for wonder, seeing the frequency, nay, almost certainty, of such or similar results, that the gig-fancier should persevere in the indulgence of his driving propensity. So it is; but persevere he does, nevertheless. His mania is incurable, and neither broken legs nor arms will deter him from his favourite recreation. Nay, in truth, you would almost imagine that the more he is smashed and dashed and battered, the more attached he becomes to it; for he no sooner recovers from the effects of a toss out or a break down, than he is at it again. Amongst the first things he does, if he survives and gets round again, is to hire another gig, and treat himself to a day's driving.

We have elsewhere observed, that the amateur gigman's performances generally, if not always, take place on Sundays and holidays. These are his great field-days; for, as already hinted, neither his time nor circumstances will admit of more frequent exhibitions.

If, then, you would see this sort of person at one of the most interesting periods of display as an amateur gigman, take a turn through the streets at an early hour on a Sunday morning—say, about six or seven o'clock. If you do so, you will not have gone far before you will have descried a gig waiting at a door, standing conspicuous in the silent and deserted street. It is a yellow gig—a bright and flaming yellow, yoked to a half-famished wall-eyed horse. Here, then, is precisely the thing wanted, a yellow gig and a starved horse. They are in charge of an ostler, who is impatiently walking to and fro on the flag-stones, waiting the arrival of some one, and from time to time eyeing, with a look of suspicion, the crazy harness to which, without the smallest compunction, he is about to trust the life of the fancy gigman, but to which he would not trust his own for a thousand pounds.

By-and-by the green door opposite which the gig is standing opens, and, wearing an air of dignified consequence, softened and rounded off by an expression of pleasant complacency, there sallies forth a gentleman in travelling array. It is our amateur gigman. It is he for whom the yellow gig and wall-eyed horse have been waiting. There he is, then, stiff and shining in his new surcoat, a huge blue cloth cloak, with red-lined cape thrown with a careless ostentation over his right arm, and his external elegancies completed by a gorgeous white hat “spick and span new,” and glittering with a silvery brightness.

Without noticing the ostler, who has, however, touched his hat to him, and without looking either to the right or to the left, our amateur gigman advances towards his gig, but pauses midway to examine its appointments, which he does with the eye of a connoisseur. He then deposits his cloak in the vehicle, throwing it well back, and spreading it widely, in order to show an admiring world as much as possible of the red-lined cape. This done, he pulls out a green net purse, gives sixpence to the ostler, draws on his gloves with a demure sort of air, gets in, spends about fifteen minutes in adjusting himself in his seat, gathers up the reins with a knowing look, and, finally, gives the wall-eyed horse the hint to move off, when away tumbles and rumbles the yellow gig with a strange clattering wooden sound that no respectable machine of a similar kind ever emits. Away it goes, rolling, and rattling, and labouring, down the long deserted street, the white hat of the gallant charioteer pointing out his spirited course, but at length gradually disappearing in the murky distance. A feeble flash or two, and it is no more seen. Our amateur gigman has gone to pick up a friend or two, amateurs like himself, and then “hey for the highway,” a clear road, and no drawbridges.

We have recommended to the curious reader who may be desirous of seeing an amateur gigman in the most favourable circumstances, to go in quest of him on a Sunday morning. But he may have his curiosity gratified without being at that trouble; that is, without being at the trouble of hunting the streets for him. Let him, instead, just plant himself at any given corner for ten minutes, and in half that time he may calculate on hearing the deep and universal silence of the early morning suddenly broken by the rattling of wheels, mingled with much uproarious laughter. In a minute more, he will see a yellow gig, crowded with white hats, approaching him. It is a whole gig full of fancy men going on a country excursion. Four great stout fellows crammed into one small yellow gig! The squeezing and jamming is dreadful, and the oppressed and tortured vehicle labours piteously under the enormous load. But these are economical amateurs who have clubbed a gig amongst them, and are content to submit to this high-pressure travelling, on account of the thrift of the thing.

It is a well-established and undeniable fact, that the amateur gigman rarely returns from a day's excursion without some accident or other befalling him; and, in the long run, he meets with something serious—a run off, a pitch out, and a fractured skull, being

the common *finale* to the amateur gigman's career. Before this happens, however, he usually runs through an interesting series of smaller accidents, such as breaking a leg or an arm, foundering a horse, snapping his gig-shafts, driving in a shop-window, or running over a few old women and children. Either, or more probably all of these pleasing little incidents, are sure to enliven the career of the amateur gigman.

Sometimes, however, the amateur gigman's progress is fully as much distinguished for the mischief he does to others, as for that done to himself. We are personally acquainted with a gentleman of this description, who has acquired such celebrity for killing and maiming people, that he can get no one now to enter a gig with him, and is therefore obliged, contrary to his former practice, to take all his drives solus, and, of course, to pay the whole gig hire himself.

This person, who is a hatter by trade, and a very respectable man, not only murders and maims, by running his gig against or over unfortunates who happen to come in his way, but has, also, the deaths of three or four of the companions of his excursions to answer for. He has killed two tailors, one shoemaker, and a fourth person, name and profession unknown. Yet, strange to say, he always escapes scot-free himself. He has had his gigs shattered to pieces; he has spread terror and dismay, death and destruction around him, yet has never met with the slightest injury in his own person;—not a scratch. While his unfortunate companions have had their heads smashed like so many eggs, he has stood up, unscathed and unharmed in the midst of the awful devastation. He, in fact, seems to have a life charmed against all that horse and gig can do; and hence, perhaps, it is, that notwithstanding the little casualties above alluded to, our friend's passion for gigs is nothing abated, but continues as rampant as ever.

So well known, however, is this renowned gigman for his pranks in gig-driving on all the roads leading from the city, and in and about all the villages in its neighbourhood, that children run screaming into their houses when they see him approaching in his gig, and although he should be yet at half a mile's distance. Mothers, too, on desecring him, hurry in the greatest terror to collect their young ones together, and to put them in a place of safety. As he passes, he is contemplated in silent awe by the little white-headed urchins, who, having been taught to hold him in the greatest dread, peep at him furtively from behind doors and walls. Yet, to look at this murderous gigist, you would never take him to be the very formidable personage he is. He is a pleasant and cheerful-looking man, without the least trace of anything either sinister or sanguinary in the expression of his countenance. But beware, good reader, how you enter a gig with him, should he ever invite you to do so. As you value your life, don't allow him to cajole you into taking a share of one of those fatal machines with him. If you do, you are a gone man: your life's not worth six inches of whipcord.

#### THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

It is not in the wild valley, flanked with birchen slopes, and stretching far away among the craggy hills, that the music of the blackbird floats upon the evening breeze. There you may listen delighted to the gentle song of the mavis; but here, in this plain, covered with cornfields and skirted with gardens, sit thee down on the green turf by the gliding brook, and mark the little black speck stuck as it were upon the top twig of that tall poplar. It is a blackbird; for now the sweet strain, loud, but mellowed by distance, comes upon the ear, inspiring pleasant thoughts, and banishing care and sorrow. The bird has evidently learned his part by long practice, for he sits sedately and in full consciousness of superiority. Ceasing at intervals, he renews the strain, varying it so, that although you can trace an occasional repetition of notes, the staves are never precisely the same. You may sit an hour or longer, and yet the song will be continued; and in the neighbouring gardens, many rival songsters will sometimes raise their voices at once, or delight you with alternate strains. And now what is the purpose of all this melody? We can only conjecture that it is the expression of the perfect happiness which the creature is enjoying, when, uncarried by care, conscious of security, and aware of the presence of his mate, he instinctively pours forth his soul in joy, and gratitude, and love. He does not sing to amuse his mate, as many have supposed, for he often sings in winter, when he is not yet mated; nor does he sing to beguile his solitude, for now he is not solitary; but he sings because all his wants are satisfied, his whole frame glowing with health, and because his Maker has gifted him with the power of uttering sweet sounds.—*Macgillivray's British Birds.*

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

##### PAUL JONES.

THE "march of intellect" has all but destroyed the once very popular idea of Paul Jones; and this redoubted naval hero, who spread fear and alarm along our coasts, and left his name for years as a bugbear in his native country, is now reduced to his proper size, and we can look at him without shaking in our shoes. Yet we well recollect with what intense interest we gazed, in boyhood, on the flaring-red prints which represented his real and supposititious doings. "Paul Jones shooting his lieutenant" was indeed an awful picture; his truculent air, his enormous stride, his tremendous drawn sword, his fearful pistol belching forth a very sufficient quantity of smoke, formed a combination of "features," which led us to regard him as one of those "demons of the deep," the sound of whose voice might help to sink a seventy-four.

The "Life of Paul Jones," was published some years ago from original documents in the possession of John Henry Sherburne, Esq., Registrar of the Navy of the United States. From this volume we shall draw the following outline of his doings and character.

His father's name was John Paul, a Scotch gardener; and young John Paul was born at Arbigland, in Kirkcudbright, in 1747. His native place forms a portion of the shores of the Solway Frith; and his vicinity to the sea inspired him with a desire for a seafaring life. His friends sent him, at the age of twelve, to Whitehaven, where he was bound apprentice to an American trader. There are but few particulars, however, of his early life, except that his apprenticeship laid the foundation of his practical seaman-ship; and that after it was finished he made several voyages to various ports of Europe and America, and engaged in commercial speculations with a partner, from whose bad conduct he suffered materially. He was in Virginia in 1773, arranging the affairs of a brother who had died intestate; and it would appear that about this period he lived in America in a very retired manner, and was probably in pecuniary difficulties. It was about this period, also, that he adopted the name of Jones—why, the memoir does not inform us, but from henceforth he was known as John Paul Jones.

During the American war of Independence, but before the famous Declaration of Independence was made, the Congress determined on raising a fleet; and Paul Jones eagerly offered his services. The Congress appointed him a first lieutenant in the American navy on the 22nd December, 1775; and from this period Paul Jones became a public character.

"The first proceedings of the American squadron were not very successful. In consequence of intelligence which they received, that there was a large quantity of military stores at New Providence, one of the Bahama isles, two sloops, with a body of 300 men, were despatched to that island. The Americans failed in surprising the island by night, and, though they landed the next morning without opposition, they found, to their mortification, that the governor had sent off the military stores the night before.

"A few days after this affair of New Providence the American squadron fell in with the 'Glasgow' man-of-war, and the broadsides of the English seem somewhat to have astonished the heroes of the Bahama isles. It was long before they were again able to put to sea. Sickness prevailed very generally, and scarcely a ship was manned. Jones, who panted for a new expedition, deeply lamented the unfortunate state of the American navy; 'the seamen,' he says in a letter to the Hon. Mr. Hewes, 'almost to a man, entered into the army before the fleet was set on foot: and I am well informed, that there are 4000 or 5000 seamen now in the land service.'

"The difficulty of procuring seamen was not the only one to be encountered. The unfortunate engagement with the Glasgow produced considerable dissatisfaction; and unfavourable reflections were cast upon the different officers. The subordinate situation of Lieutenant Jones preserved him from any particular animadversion, yet he felt very keenly the severity of the public murmur; 'my station,' he observes to Mr. Hewes, 'confined me to the Alfred's lower gun-deck, where I commanded during the action; yet although the commander's letter, which has been published, says—all the officers in the Alfred behaved well—still the public blames me. No officer, under a superior, who does not stand charged by that superior for cowardice or misconduct, can be blamed on any occasion whatever. I wish a general inquiry might be made respecting the abilities of officers in all stations, and then the country would not be cheated.'

These latter expressions give a key to the character of Jones. That he was not only excessively brave, and daring to rashness, energetic, and persevering in pursuit of an object, is undisputed—but he was also excessively vain, excessively ambitious, restless under control, and almost inordinately eager to rise to command. Even in a subordinate situation, he thought the world was watching him. "The public," he says, "blames me!" Two court-martials were held on board the *Alfred*; and the evidence of the ability of Jones, and his forward comments and criticisms on the conduct of his superior officers, raised him to the command of a sloop carrying twelve six-pounders, called the "*Providence*." He was employed some time in escorting vessels from Rhode Island into the sound, and in conveying them from Boston to Philadelphia. In a cruise in September and October, 1776, he took "sixteen sail," of which he manned and sent in eight, and sunk, burned, or destroyed the rest. He was, at the same time, actively employed in writing letters about the state of the American navy, making suggestions, proposing plans, &c.; and thus his actions and his advice brought him conspicuously under the notice of the members of the Congress. "On his return home, at the end of the year 1776, he was immediately appointed to the command of a squadron in Rhode Island. The chief point of this expedition was Isle Royal. In his way to this place Jones fell in with the *Melish*, an armed vessel from Liverpool; this ship he captured, and he found that it contained 10,000 suits of uniform, which were intended for the army of General Burgoyne. It so happened, that at this moment the troops of Washington were almost destitute of clothing. The capture of the *Melish* was, therefore, most opportune, and tended, in no slight degree, to increase the reputation of Jones. After capturing many prizes, the commander of the little squadron arrived at Isle Royal. All the buildings appropriated to the whale and cod fisheries were destroyed, together with a very valuable transport; but the chief object of the expedition, which was to release the Americans who were confined in the coal-mines there, was not effected. Jones complained strongly to Mr. Hewes of the conduct of the officers under him, 'it completely overset the expedition.'

"The irregularities of which Jones complained arose altogether from the omission of Congress to establish a due gradation of rank among the officers of the navy. But their most urgent attention was now given to that important branch of national defence. A list of captains was immediately published, and Jones's name was inserted in it; regulations as to the pay, rank, and uniform of the different branches of the navy were immediately formed, and the whole force was placed in a much more efficient state.

"Jones was now acting under the commission of captain, from the independent authorities of the United States of North America.

"After receiving his commission as Captain, Jones devoted himself for a considerable time to the communication of his opinions as to the course which should be pursued to attain that perfection in the American navy, which he so ardently desired. Many of his ideas have been adopted by the present American government, and have been carried into effect on a very extensive scale."

In 1777, Congress resolved to reward Jones, for the services he had performed "in vessels of little force," and he was ordered to be sent to Paris, where Franklin and Silas Deane were residing, as commissioners for the purpose of bringing about an alliance between France and the newly-created government of the United States. The object of this visit to Paris was, to get possession and command of a "fine ship," which the commissioners were instructed to procure for him. But just as he was about to sail, he sent a letter to the "secret committee" of the Congress, which led to the immediate passing of the following resolutions:—

"In Congress, June 14, 1777.

"Resolved, That the flag of the Thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

"Resolved, That Captain J. Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*."

The letter from Jones, which produced the change, contained a bold project—to attack the coast of England; and thus, while the English were waiting for the success of their armies in America, they might be startled by having the war brought to their very doors. With this view he arrived at Nantes, in France, at the end of 1777; and on the 10th of April, 1778, sailed from Brest. Stormy weather interrupted his plans for a few days; but on the 22nd he made a descent at Whitehaven. "The harbour of Whitehaven was one of the most important in Great Britain, con-

taing generally 400 sail, and some of a very considerable size. The town itself contained near 60,000 inhabitants, and was strongly fortified. When night came on, the wind became so light, that the *Ranger* could not approach as near the shore as its commander had originally intended. At midnight, therefore, he left the ship, with two boats, and thirty-one men who volunteered to accompany him. As they reached the out-pier, the day began to dawn: in spite, however, of this circumstance, Jones determined not to abandon the enterprise, but, despatching one boat with Lieutenant Wallingford with the necessary combustibles to the north side of the harbour, he proceeded with the other party to the southern side. There was a dead silence when Jones, at the head of his party, scaled the walls. He succeeded in spiking all the cannon of the first fort; and the sentinels, being shut up in the guard-house, were fairly surprised. Having succeeded thus far, Jones, with only one man, spiked up all the cannon on the southern fort, distant from the other a quarter of a mile.

"These daring exploits being all performed without disturbing a single being, Jones anxiously looked for the expected blaze on the north side of the harbour. His anxiety further increased, as all the combustibles had been entrusted to the northern party, they, after performing their task, having to join him to fire the shipping on the south side. The anxiously expected blaze did not, however, appear; Jones hastened to Lieutenant Wallingford, and found the whole party in confusion, their light having burned out at the instant when it became necessary. By a sad fatality his own division were in the same plight, for, in hurrying to the southern party, their candles had also burnt out. The day was breaking apace, and the failure of the expedition seemed complete. Any other commander but Jones would, in this predicament, have thought himself fortunate in making his retreat good; but Jones would not retreat. He had the boldness to send a man to a house detached from the town to ask for a light; the request was successful, and fire was kindled in the steeple of a large ship, which was surrounded by at least 150 others, chiefly from 200 to 400 tons burden. There was not time to fire any more than one place, and Jones's care was to prevent that one from being easily extinguished. After some search, a barrel of tar was found, and poured into the flames, which now burnt up from all the hatchways. 'The inhabitants,' says Jones, in his letter to the American commissioners, 'began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily towards us; I stood between them and the ship on fire, with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation. The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to ascend the mainmast; the sun was full an hour's march above the horizon, and as sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to retire; we re-embarked without opposition. After all my people had embarked, I stood upon the pier for a considerable time, yet no persons advanced; I saw all the eminences around the town covered with the enraged inhabitants.

"When we had rowed to a considerable distance from the shore, the English began to run in vast numbers to their forts. Their disappointment may be easily imagined, when they found at least thirty cannon, the instruments of their vengeance, rendered useless. At length, however, they began to fire; having, as I apprehend, either brought down ship-guns, or used one or two cannon which lay on the beach at the foot of the walls, dismantled, and which had not been spiked. They fired with no direction, and the shot falling short of the boats, instead of doing any damage, afforded us some diversion, which my people could not help showing, by firing their pistols, &c., in return of the salute. Had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete; not a single ship out of more than 200 could possibly have escaped, and all the world would not have been able to have saved the town. What was done, however, is sufficient to show, that not all their boasted navy can protect their own coasts, and that the scenes of distress, which they have occasioned in America, may be soon brought home to their own door!"

Only one of Jones's men was missing; this man had deserted, and, either from an anxiety to save the town, or to foil the project of his commander, had knocked at the doors of a number of houses, alarming the inhabitants by the intelligence that the shipping and town were in imminent danger. Nobody was either killed or wounded, but the daring assailant "brought off," he said in his letter, "three prisoners, as a sample."

Within a few hours after this affair, Jones had attempted another, the news of which added to the general consternation.

"From Whitehaven the Americans stood over to the Scotch shore, and the very noon of the day whose dawn had witnessed the



firing of the Cumberland shipping was the moment selected for an exploit, if possible, of a still more daring nature.

"The treatment of the American prisoners of war in England had long been the subject of bitter and just complaint, not only by their own countrymen, but by the majority of the English nation itself. Subscriptions for their relief, and even sustenance, had been opened in most of the principal towns of Great Britain: but this ebullition of national feeling had not yet produced any change in the conduct of the administration. Paul Jones was deeply affected by the sufferings of his imprisoned countrymen, and was constantly intent 'upon striking a blow in their favour.' His favourite plan was to gain possession of the person of some Englishman of high rank, and then, by the influence of the captive noble, to procure an amelioration of the condition of his imprisoned countrymen.

"With this view, Jones suddenly, on the celebrated 23d of April, landed at noon on St. Mary's Isle, accompanied by a boat's crew. On this island was the family-seat of the Earl of Selkirk, and to this mansion Jones immediately directed his steps. Before, however, he reached the house, he learnt that the earl had lately left St. Mary's for the metropolis. As the object of the expedition could not now be obtained, Jones proposed to re-embark, but his crew murmured. The English, they said, were not accustomed to spare either life or property in America, and they saw not why, as they had landed, they should not pay their intended visit. They were the same men who had landed at Whitehaven, and the captain could scarcely refuse them this reasonable favour. He himself, however, avoided a personal interference, and leaving the command of his men to his lieutenant, with strict injunctions to behave with scrupulous politeness, he returned to his ship. The crew were somewhat moved by their leader's delicacy: they would not enter the mansion, but entrusted the business to their commanding officer. Lady Selkirk met the lieutenant, and behaved with great firmness: the officer's demand was moderate—at least for one in his situation, and the boat's crew returned to the *Ranger* with the family-plate of the house of Douglas."

Meantime expresses had been sent off to London, and along the coast, conveying the intelligence of the presence of this very daring—and, as many thought, very impudent—rover; and next morning Jones, having crossed the Channel, and ventured up Belfast Lough, as far as Carrickfergus, the *Drake*, a twenty-gun ship of war, which had been lying in the roads, went out to meet him. "She was attended by five small vessels full of people, who were anxious to witness the punishment of the redoubted *Ranger*. The *Drake* had come out in consequence of an express from Whitehaven, and was very fully manned. Alarm-smokes now appeared in great abundance, extending along both sides of the channel. The tide was unfavourable, so that the *Drake* worked out of harbour but slowly. This obliged the *Ranger* to run down several times, and to lay with courses up and main-topsail to the mast. At length the *Drake* weathered the point, and having led out to about mid-channel, Jones suffered her to come within hail. The *Drake* now hoisted English colours, and at the same moment the American stars were displayed on board the *Ranger*. The American commander expected that preface was now at an end, but the English soon after hailed, and demanded what ship it was? The answer was characteristic—The American ship *Ranger*: we wait for you, and desire that you will come on. The sun is now little more than one hour from setting, it is therefore time to begin."

"The *Drake* being astern of the *Ranger*, Jones ordered the helm up, and gave the first broadside. The action was warm, close, and obstinate; it lasted an hour and four minutes, when the *Drake* struck. The fore and main topsail yards of the *Drake* were cut away, and down on the cap; the top-gallant and mizen-gaff both hanging up and down along the mast; the second ensign, which the *Drake* had hoisted, had been shot away, and was hanging on the quarter-gallery in the water; her sails and rigging were entirely cut to pieces; her masts and yards all wounded, and her hull very much galled. The captain received a musket-ball in his head the moment before they called for quarter, and expired just after the *Ranger's* people boarded their prize: the lieutenant survived the captain only two days. 'I buried them,' says Jones, in his letter to the American commissioners, 'with the honours due to their rank, and with the respect due to their memory.' The English suffered dreadfully, from the number of their crew. Jones lost his lieutenant, but his men suffered slightly."

Had the great sea-serpent been seen, 100 leagues in length, sporting in the channel, with his head turned round the North Foreland, and looking up the Thames, the alarm could not have been greater. Jones, meantime, proceeded to Brest with his prize;

put the lieutenant he had placed in charge, under arrest for disobedience of orders; and wrote a long, polite letter to the Countess of Selkirk, in which he offered to purchase the plate taken from her house, when sold to produce prize-money, and "gratify his feelings" by restoring it. But he had more serious letters to write at Brest—for, in the low state of American credit, he found it difficult to raise money to purchase provisions for his crew and prisoners.

Jones, at the request of the French government, gave up the command of the *Ranger*, having a promise of a squadron. But the French officers were jealous of him; and a considerable period elapsed before he got the command of an old Indianman, the name of which he got permission to change to "*Bon Homme Richard*," a kind of French compliment to Dr. Franklin, whose name was popularly associated with his "*Poor Richard's Almanac*." After some further delay, it was at length "agreed that Jones should immediately sail with a squadron; and on the 19th of April, 1779, the American squadron, *Bon Homme Richard* (42 guns), *Alliance* (36 guns), *Pallas* (30 guns), *Cerf* (18 guns), and the *Vengeance* (12 guns), sailed from L'Orient, under the command of the Honourable Commodore John Paul Jones.

"Three months were passed in a cruise, which does not appear to have been very successful. Jones found the *Bon Homme Richard*, as he had expected, a bad sailer: her timbers were so ancient, that it was deemed impossible to make some alterations, which were considered necessary in consequence of the injury sustained by the *Alliance* running foul of her in the night, in a manner which appeared to Jones very suspicious."

The commander of this *Alliance* was a Captain Landais, whose conduct gave Jones not only annoyance, but injury. Jones was informed that a king's ship and two or three cutters were lying in security in Leith Roads; and he determined to try and surprise them, and put Leith itself to ransom. But his French officers had no idea of such daring proceedings; and so much time was lost in considering the matter, that before it was determined on, the wind had become contrary, and the alarm had been given at Leith. Returning, in disappointed bitterness of spirit, to France, he got intelligence that the Baltic fleet, of forty-one sail of merchantmen, was lying in the Humber, ready to proceed to their destination, under convoy of two British ships of war. Jones waited till they appeared—but the merchant ships, on perceiving his squadron, crowded sail towards the shore, and the convoy ships, the *Serapis* and the Countess of Scarborough, steered from the land, and prepared for battle. "The *Serapis*, 44 guns, was one of the finest frigates in his Majesty's navy, and had been off the stocks only a few months. Her crew were picked men, and she was commanded by Captain Richard Pearson, an officer celebrated even in the British navy for his undaunted courage and exemplary conduct. The *Bon Homme Richard* was an old ship with decayed timbers, and had made four voyages to the East Indies. Many of her guns were useless, and all were ancient. Her crew consisted partly of Americans, partly of French, partly of English, and partly of Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays; and this crew was weak also in numbers, for two boats' crews had been lost on the coast of Ireland; and, to add to accumulated misfortunes, Jones's first lieutenant and eighteen men in the pilot-boat did not join the *Bon Homme Richard* in time for battle."

The two ships came up with each other at seven o'clock in the evening, and their broadsides were almost simultaneous. A manoeuvre "brought the two ships in a line, and the *Bon Homme* ran her bows into the stern of the *Serapis*. The English now hailed the *Bon Homme*, to know whether they had struck. Jones himself answered, 'that he had not yet begun to fight.' But the truth was, that the broadsides of the *Serapis* had already produced an effect. The *Bon Homme*, before eight o'clock, had received several eighteen-pounders under water, and leaked very much. Jones received no assistance from his squadron: the *Pallas* was engaged with the Countess of Scarborough, the *Vengeance* held off at a distance, and the *Alliance* declined interfering altogether. The position in which the two contending frigates were now placed was most favourable to Jones; for not a gun could take effect on either side, and he thus gained some moments for consideration, which the American commander stood much in need of. Besides her superior force, he had already perceived that the English was the much more manageable ship of the two. The *Bon Homme* now backed her topsails, and those of the *Serapis* being filled, the ships separated. The bowsprit of the *Serapis* now came over the *Bon Homme's* poop by the mizen-mast. Jones darted like a cat upon his prey, and immediately grappled. The action of the wind on the enemy's sails forced her stern close to the *Bon Homme's*

bow, 'so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's side.' This was a bold way of saving a sinking ship, and preventing the effect of 18-pounders under water!"

After a desperate struggle, "the Alliance appeared, and Jones now thought the battle was at an end; but, to his utter astonishment, Landais discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon Homme. The crew cried to him, 'for God's sake to forbear firing into the Bon Homme Richard,' but Landais passed along the off-side of the ship, and continued his firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the Bon Homme for the Serapis, for there was the most essential difference in their appearance and construction; it was full moonlight too, and the sides of the American were all black, and of the Serapis yellow. For greater security, Jones gave the signal of reconnaissance, but nothing availed; the Alliance passed round, firing into her commodore's ship, head, stern, and broadside, and by one of her volleys killed several men and wounded a valuable officer. 'My situation,' says Jones, 'was now really deplorable.'

"The Alliance at last sailed off—not, however, without giving the Bon Homme several shots under water. This was perfect destruction. The leak gained ground on the pumps, and the fire increased so much on board both ships, that some officers advised Jones to strike, 'of whose courage and good sense he entertained the highest opinion.'

"It was a grand scene that the Channel witnessed that night. A numerous fleet had taken refuge under the walls of Scarborough Castle; the Bon Homme and Serapis joined in an encounter almost unparalleled for its fierceness and duration, finely contrasted with the picturesque and shattered appearance of the Pallas and the Countess of Scarborough, now both silenced; and the moon, which was extremely bright and full, lighted up, not only this magnificent scene, but Flamborough Head, and the surrounding heights, covered with the inhabitants of all the neighbouring towns.

"While the American commodore appeared to be hesitating whether he should follow the advice of his officers, his master-at-arms, who was frightened out of his wits, suddenly let loose all the prisoners, amounting to nearly 500, telling them, 'to save themselves, as the ship was going to sink.'

"This last misfortune seemed to be decisive. One prisoner jumped over to the enemy, and told them, that if they held out a moment longer the enemy must strike. 'Our rudder,' says Jones, in his letter to Franklin, 'was entirely off; the stern-frame and transoms were almost entirely cut away; the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the main-mast to the stern, being greatly decayed by age, were mangled beyond every power of description; and a person must have been an eye-witness, to have formed a just idea, of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, that everywhere appeared.' Yet, notwithstanding this state—notwithstanding that the prisoners were loose—that the ship was on fire in many places—and that there were five feet of water in the hold, Jones determined to fight on. He observed what his affrighted crew had overlooked—he saw the main-mast of the Serapis shake, and his practised ear told him, that 'their firing decreased.' He took care that his own should immediately increase; and, at half past ten, in the sight of thousands, the flag of England, which had been nailed to the mast of the Serapis, was struck by Captain Pearson's own hand. Her main-mast at the same time went overboard.

Jones had scarcely time to remove his wounded into the Serapis, before his own vessel sank; the Countess of Scarborough had previously struck to the Pallas; and with those vessels Paul Jones took shelter at the Texel, and obtained permission from the Dutch government to establish an hospital for his wounded. The British ambassador at the Hague, however, in the name of his government, demanded the restitution of the English ships, and the delivery of "a certain Paul Jones, a subject of the king, who, according to treaties, and the laws of war, could only be considered as a rebel and a pirate." Much diplomatic correspondence ensued, the British ambassador insisting that Paul Jones was a pirate, having no commission from any government, and the Dutch government being unwilling to plead his American authority, as that would be equivalent to acknowledging the independence of the United States, and might involve a war with Britain. The difficulty was soon got over by the French government claiming the vessels and prisoners, which were accordingly delivered up, except the Alliance, which, being American property, was left, along with Paul Jones, at the Texel. The "pirate," as the ambassador termed him, appeared to be now caught in a trap. An order was procured for the dismissal of Paul Jones from the Texel;

and several English ships were on the watch for him. "So completely did the American frigate appear to be blockaded, that escape seemed utterly impossible. One morning, however, Jones, with a favouring breeze, suddenly dashed from his retreat, and, 'in spite of all their cruising ships and squadrons,' fairly made his escape. 'I am, my dear philosopher,' he writes to M. Dumas, 'this moment arrived here. We have made our way good through the Channel, in spite of the utmost efforts of Britain to prevent it. I had the pleasure of laughing at their expense as we passed the Downs, in spite of their ships of war, and along the coast in full view of the Isle of Wight.'

The remaining twelve years of Jones's life—from 1780 to 1792—do not furnish much matter for observation. At Paris he was "lionised," and his egregious vanity led him to attempt to play the gallant (he was a short, swarthy man) and the man of fashion, writing pretty verses to ladies, and highly flattered by receiving great attention from the French court, as well as the approbation and friendship of Dr. Franklin. In America, whither he went in 1781, he received the approval of Congress, in spite of the intrigues of Landais, and other enemies; but before active employment was found for him, the independence of the United States was acknowledged by Britain. Paul Jones returned, in 1783, to France, appointed by Congress as the agent of America for European prize-money. In 1788, he entered the Russian service, on the invitation of the Empress Catharine; and was appointed vice-admiral of a fleet on the Black Sea. Jones was impatient of his commanding officer, the Prince Nassau Seiger, who refused to be governed by his advice; but he had the satisfaction of saving the prince's division of the fleet from a well-timed attack of the Turks; and afterwards of defeating the Turkish fleet with his own division. But public approbation was as dear to Jones as his life; and when he found that the victory was attributed to the prince, and that he himself, to use his own words, in a letter written to the empress, was reduced to "a zero or a harlequin," he made so much noise about it, and raised so many enemies, that he was allowed to absent himself "on leave of absence;" and left Russia in December, 1789. He lived somewhat neglected afterwards; and died in Paris in the month of June, 1792, aged only forty-five years. The National Assembly went into mourning, on account of his death.

#### ROASTED APPLES AND SALADS.

SOME foreigner said rather wittily, that we have no ripe fruit in England but roasted apples. As the season for ripening after this fashion is not far off, I offer a greatly improved mode, which was brought from Paris, and which, when well managed, makes rather a rich dish of rather an insipid one. Select the largest apples; scoop out the core, without cutting quite through; fill the hollow with butter and fine soft sugar; let them roast in a slow oven, and serve them up with the syrup.

As I am on the subject of receipts, I will give another, which is also applicable to the season. It is a receipt for a salad, which I have seen at a few houses, but I think it deserves to be much more common.

Boil one or two large onions, till soft and perfectly mild. When cold, mix the onion with celery and sliced beet-root, roasted in the oven, which has more flavour than when boiled. Dress this salad with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper. The onion and beet-root are very good without celery. Roast beef, with this salad and potatoes browned in the dripping-pan, or in the oven, is a dish to delight the constitution of an Englishman in the winter-months.

The best lettuce-salads I know are dressed by my friend Dr. Forbes, of Argyle-street, who is a proficient in aristology. His receipt is as follows:—

Take the finest lettuces you can get; strip off the leaves with the hand, using only those which are well blanched. Put them into the bowl whole, and, if wet, wipe each with a napkin. Put a sufficient quantity of salt and pepper into the salad spoon, and mix them with a little tarragon vinegar. Throw the mixture over the lettuce, and add vinegar and oil in the proportion of rather more than two spoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar. Stir the salad very well. It is best when not prepared till it is wanted; but if that is not convenient, it should be kept in a cold place, or the lettuce loses its crispness. It is only by experience that the proper quantities of the ingredients for dressing can be accurately measured; but there should be great liberality of oil, and the quantity of vinegar depends in a great degree upon its sourness. This mode of dressing applies equally to my first receipt, with the exception, I think, of the tarragon.—From "The Original," by the late Thomas Walker, Esq., one of the Metropolitan Magistrates.

## THE SOURCES OF CIVILISATION.

We extract the following pertinent observations from a lengthy article called "The American Merchant," in the July Number of the "Knickerbocker, New-York Monthly Magazine." Commerce, the grand element of human civilisation, is probably destined to extinguish war at some future and happier period of man's history; and, meantime, our security for a long peace between Britain and America will lie in that intimate and prompt commercial intercourse, and the extent of those transactions, which, by their very intricacy and entanglement, make it the interest of the majority in both countries to repress angry passions and cultivate good-will.

"It is now well enough understood, and frankly enough admitted, by philosophers, and by all right-thinking people, whether philosophers or not, that the first step in the process of raising men to the proper standard of moral and intellectual elevation, is accomplished by raising the standard of their physical comfort; that before we undertake to improve the mind, we must begin by improving the condition of the body; or, in other words, that physical civilisation, or the just relation between demand for the conveniences of life and the supply of that demand, is the basis of mental civilisation. Every general improvement in human existence is inseparably connected with the special improvement of the circumstances and modes of living. If we go into a community of savages, with the benevolent purpose of reclaiming them from their state of barbarism, we must begin with teaching them how to make themselves more comfortable. We must show them how to clothe themselves in better habiliments than the skins of beasts,—how to provide themselves with better and more abundant supplies of food than they can obtain by hunting and fishing,—how to construct more substantial and commodious habitations than the wigwam of the Indian, the cave of the African troglodyte, or the mud hovel of the Hottentot; we must make them acquainted with the nutritious and wholesome variety of products that can be obtained by cultivation of the earth; and gradually teach them what comforts and advantages are to be enjoyed by means of well-regulated and instructed industry. Not till we have done all this can any good result from our efforts to instil into their minds the principles of higher and more speculative knowledge. When we have taught them to dig the earth, to plant, to sow, to reap, to build, to weave, to cook, to tan skins into leather, to fashion wood and iron into implements of husbandry and of household thrift, then we may go farther, and instruct them in reading, and writing, and arithmetic. First, we must give them the knowledge how to supply their wants, and after we have done that, we may go on and give them books. We must commence by giving them things, and after this it will be time enough to give them knowledge.

"But what inducement have we to do all this? Why should we, who have come into possession of the comforts and enjoyments produced by civilisation, be moved to extend that possession to the barbarous and scarcely human occupants of those regions into which the light of civilisation has not yet penetrated? Why should we not rest content with our good things and our knowledge, and leave them to get on as well as they may, with their privations and their ignorance? The answer is at hand, and lets us into one of the secrets of God's providence, and of his wise and benevolent arrangements for the melioration and elevation of our race. In his wisdom and benevolence, he has bestowed upon every variety of soil and climate some peculiar products, which may be turned to account by all, in the supply of physical wants and the increase of physical enjoyments, but which can be shared by all only through some process of acquisition and conveyance, which necessarily implies systematic and regular intercommunication, and the establishment of certain relations between the people of different countries. One land produces the means of sustenance, another materials for clothing; a third abounds in wood, a fourth in minerals, a fifth in articles of luxury; and so, throughout all the earth, we find a great plan of mutual want and supply,—here abundance and there deficiency,—which imposes upon mankind the necessity of devising means to equalise possession.

"This equality of possession is so completely a thing of habit with us, and enters so largely into the composition of our daily life, that we seldom take thought of its remarkable operation: yet if we pause for a moment in any of our pursuits or enjoyments, and reflect upon the materials with which we are employed, we

cannot but be struck with admiration at the results of a system so extensive. We lay many portions of the earth under contribution, almost in every hour of our lives. Even in the simple business of refreshing ourselves with a good breakfast, we employ or consume the products of many regions. The tea we drink comes from China,—or perhaps it is Mocha coffee, from Arabia; the sugar with which we sweeten it, from the West Indies; our porcelain cups and saucers were probably made in France; the silver spoon with which each is provided once lay dark and deep in the mines of South America; the table itself is mahogany, from Jamaica or Honduras; and the table-cloth was manufactured from a vegetable production in Ireland; the teapot is probably of English block-tin; and the steel of which the knives are wrought may have come from Germany or Sweden; the bread is made of wheat, raised probably in Michigan; and the butter, if particularly good, must have come—a Philadelphian will say—from the neighbourhood of his own city. If we are in the habit of eating relishes at breakfast, we discuss perhaps a beef-steak from Ohio, or a piece of smoked salmon from Maine, or it may be a herring from Scotland. Or suppose we take so very useless a personage as one of the foplings, whose greatest pleasure is in the decoration of their persons, and whose chief employment is to exhibit themselves at stated hours in Broadway, for the admiration of the ladies, and see how many lands are called upon to furnish the nice equipments of his dainty person. His hat is made of fur, brought thousands of miles from the north-west coast of America, or from an island in the South Antarctic Ocean; his fine linen is from Ireland, inwrought with cambric from British India; in the bosom glitters a diamond from Brazil, or perhaps an opal from Hungary; his coat is of Saxony wool, made into cloth in England, and it is lined with silk from Italy; his white waistcoat is of a fabric wrought in France; the upper leathers of his morocco boots have come from Barbary, and the soles are made of a hide from South America. His white hand, covered with kid-leather from Switzerland, jauntily bears a little cane, made of whalebone from the Pacific, the agate head of which was brought from Germany; and from his neck is suspended a very unnecessary eye-glass, the golden frame of which is a native of Africa. His handkerchief is perfumed with scents of Persia, and the delicate moustache that shades his upper lip has been nourished by a fragrant oil from the distant East, or by the fat of a bear that once roamed for prey amid the wastes of Siberia; while its jetty blackness has probably been artificially bestowed by the application of the same Turkish dye that gives its sable hue to the magnificent beard of the sublime Sultan.

"Thus we find that every country has its peculiar products; that the possession and use of these are necessary, or at least desirable, to the full enjoyment of existence; and that men are stimulated by the wish for that possession to pass from climate to climate, and from region to region, and thus establish intercourse between all the nations of the earth. But the mere act of visiting different countries will not suffice to gain possession of the things that are desired. These are generally either absolutely provided, or else prepared for use, by the people of the country to which they are peculiar; and something is yet to be done, in order to effect their transfer from the hands of those people to the hands of the strangers who come in search of them. Speaking in general terms, we may say that there are but two modes of effecting such transfer. One is, taking them by force,—the other, gaining them by way of exchange for some equivalent which is desirable to the original owners. The first mode takes the name of robbery, or of war, according to circumstances,—the latter is simply commerce.

"When commerce is carried on between nations enjoying an equal or nearly equal degree of civilisation, there is no particularly benevolent motive or beneficent result on either side. The transactions are of mutual convenience, and that is all. But the case is different where the commerce is between nations, one of which is civilised and the other immersed in barbarism. The civilised foreigner bestows upon the barbarous native something more than the mere articles of utility, which he exchanges for the merchandise of the latter. Those articles are of necessity such as the barbarian needs, to make him more comfortable—they are garments, better and more convenient than he can provide for himself, or implements which facilitate his labour, or household utensils which improve his domestic condition, or weapons that give him better protection against his enemy,—something, in short, to elevate his standard of comfort: and this elevation we have ascertained to be the first and indispensable step in the progress to civilisation. Thus, then, it appears, that commerce is an agent, and a most



powerful agent, in meliorating not only the physical but the moral and intellectual condition of mankind.

"It is so of necessity, and without reference to the motives or intentions of the parties. No matter whether the enlightened European send his ship to the tawny and savage native of an island in the Pacific, with the mere benevolent purpose of conveying to him, as donations, those products of European art which will enlarge the circle of his comforts and his pleasure; or seeks to gain, in exchange for them, the fish, or shells, or skins, which the rude skill of the islander enables him to collect for barter: the advantage to the savage is the same. He acquires the knowledge of those new and additional comforts, and with the knowledge comes the desire for increased possession. He has made the first step toward civilisation.

"When Captain Cook was prosecuting his voyages of discovery in the Pacific Ocean, he left, at every island which he visited, fowls, sheep, hogs, and the seeds of vegetables; and in so doing, he rendered a valuable service to the ignorant inhabitants. But the captain of the merchant-ship renders a service not less valuable, who now visits those islands, and exchanges with the inhabitants European cloths, knives, axes, spades, ploughs, and other useful implements, for the beef and pork which they have learned to cure, and the vegetable productions which their fertile soil yields in such rich abundance. Indeed, we may say that, of the two, his visit is the most beneficial; because, in the first place, he comes again and again, bringing always new supplies of useful articles for traffic,—whereas, the scientific navigator had accomplished his object when the island was once visited, and came no more; and in the second place, because the trader, by teaching the savages the value of their possessions, and that by means of them they can obtain the objects of their necessity or desire, has given them motives for industry and economy, and so helped them on still farther in the road to improvement, not only of their condition, but of their selves.

"But even where the agency of commerce is less direct and less apparent, it equally exists, producing results of even greater magnitude. It is only by commercial nations that expeditions of discovery are sent out,—partly because such nations only have the material means of ships, and seamen, and nautical experience, but still more, because it is only in such nations that the *animus*—the mind—exists, by which those expeditions are suggested. They are the fruits of a particular national feeling; and that feeling prevails only in communities which derive great and regular advantages from mercantile navigation, and to which that navigation is an ever-present subject of interest and regard. The Romans made no voyages of discovery; the commercial Phœnicians sent their ships to the remotest bounds of the then known world, and it is even believed by some that they were not ignorant of our American continent. So in modern times, Austria, with her very limited commerce, does little or nothing toward the extension of geographical knowledge, great and powerful as she is; while England, deriving all her wealth and power from her trade, has long taken the lead of all the world in the magnitude as well as the success of her exploring enterprises, stimulated at once by the nautical spirit of her government and people, and by the perpetual craving of her commerce for new fields in which to develop itself, and for those helps to successful prosecution which inevitably result from more accurate knowledge of seas and coasts, and other matters pertaining to navigation."

#### USEFUL SUGGESTIONS TO THOSE WHO WANT THEM.

In the course of my travels, I have seen many a promising and fine young man gradually led to dissipation, gambling, and ruin, merely by the want of means to make a solitary evening pass pleasantly. I earnestly advise any youth who quits that abode of purity, peace, and delight, his paternal home, to acquire a taste for reading and writing. At every place where he may reside long, either in England or on the Continent, let him study to make his apartments as attractive and comfortable as possible; for he will find a little extraordinary expense, so bestowed at the beginning, to be good economy at the end; let him read the best books in the language of the place in which he lives; and, above all, let him never retire to rest without writing at least a page of original comments on what he has seen, read, and heard in the day. This habit will teach him to observe and discriminate; for a man ceases to read with a desultory and wandering mind, which is utter waste of time, when he knows that an account of all the information which he has gained must be written at night.

*Clayton's Sketches in Biography.*

#### VISIT TO THE RAPIDS OF TROLHATTAN.

THERE is a steamer which leaves Stockholm once a week, and makes a very picturesque voyage down the Malaren and Wenern lakes to Gottenburg; thus giving the tourist an opportunity of seeing all the most interesting parts of the south of Sweden with comparatively little difficulty, but as the time of departure did not agree with our plans, we were obliged to forego the accommodation which the steamer offers, and proceed by land with no more delay than was necessary to see the rapids of Trolhattan.

Orebro, which we reached about ten o'clock, is a large and very neat town, with handsome straight streets and a good market-place. Most of the houses are built of wood, and painted red or yellow. These wooden houses in the Swedish towns present by no means an unpleasing appearance, being generally very neatly put together, and having windows filled with very large panes of glass, which give them a stiltish air, not always in strict keeping with the squalidity of the interior, the fitting-up of which is generally the very reverse of what an Englishman considers comfortable. The most striking object on entering Orebro is a large square house, turreted, and surrounded by a wet ditch like a fortification; but I believe it is nothing more than the private residence of some whimsical proprietor. The church is very neat and substantial.

The next morning we arrived at Lidköping, a pretty town on the southern shore of the Wenern lake, which here is very broad; but certainly, as far as we have seen, not worthy to be compared with the lake of Geneva.

During the previous night we had the ill-luck to overtake our forebud, who worn out by fatigue, I suppose, had crept into some corner of the post-house, and was snoring in concert with the rest of the inmates when we arrived. On entering the room, to which we were directed by the melodious sounds, we saw nothing at first but what seemed to be bundles of rags; but gradually one after another they became animated, and about a dozen odd wild-looking figures rose from the ground, on which they had been lying, each stretching itself, and looking round it with an expression of idiotic wonder, which to any persons but belated travellers, and at any time except in the middle of a cold night, would have been amusing enough.

In vain did our servant again and again repeat his demand for horses; in vain did the forebud (who seemed not a little alarmed at what to him must have been our unexpected apparition) bawl in their ears: they preserved the same appearance of resuscitated mummies which they had worn when they first rose from the floor; and not a word could we get from them for nearly a quarter of an hour. I certainly never saw people so thoroughly bewildered, and we began to be almost in despair, when at length one of them revived so far as to be able to tell us that he had sent a considerable distance for horses, which he supposed would soon arrive.

Whilst we were talking, the horses actually did arrive, and after waiting a reasonable time, in order to give our forebud a chance of getting to the next station half an hour before us, we again proceeded on our journey.

The country through which we had passed between Arboga and Orebro was in general wild and dreary, huge masses of stone lying piled in all directions; but none of the scenery here, or in any other part of Sweden that we had hitherto seen, had any pretensions to sublimity: our feelings of astonishment and awe were therefore raised to the highest pitch when we arrived at Trolhattan.

There is hardly a place in Europe about which more contradictory opinions have been held, than these celebrated falls. Sir Humphry Davy thought the sight of them a sufficient compensation for the fatigues and privations of a voyage from England; whilst more than one traveller has declared that they were hardly the trouble of a day's journey. The cause of their disappointment may very possibly have been, that they had been accustomed to think and talk of the falls of Trolhattan, and therefore were annoyed at finding them only a succession of rapids. It certainly might have been an improvement if the waters of the Wenern had dashed themselves down a precipice of a hundred feet; but I must confess that, notwithstanding this defect, so far from being disap-

pointed, I have seldom in my life been more agreeably surprised, for I had never anticipated the sight of such a "hell of waters" as that which presented itself here.

Except the sea in a storm, dashing against the rocks of an iron-bound coast, I have never beheld so sublime a spectacle. The glaciers of Switzerland may be in some respects more striking at first; but they want the roar, and din, and motion, which give such an aspect of wild horror to the rapids of Trolhattan, reminding one of the waters of that fearful deluge, which swept away in one terrible ruin sinful man, with all his possessions and his hopes. "Lord, what is man?" is the ejaculation which naturally rises to our lips, when looking at such a majestic specimen of the Almighty's handiwork.

The rapids are seven in number; the two principal ones (which are divided by an island covered with trees) having a fall of about twenty-five feet: the river then becomes narrower, and its course is again interrupted by an island, which occasions two other falls; considerably below which are three more, much smaller, but by no means deficient in picturesque beauty.

Unfortunately the grandeur of this magnificent scene is impaired by the presence of a number of wretched saw-mills, the clinking and creaking noise of which harmonises badly with the roar of the mighty flood by which they are worked; and what is even more provoking, hillocks of sawdust rise in all directions on the banks of the river, giving a "worky-day" aspect to a scene which, even in spite of them, has few equals, but which without them would be perhaps the grandest in Europe.

The best view of the rapids is from a walk on the southern bank of the river; but there is by no means a bad prospect from the windows of the inn, where we sat for half an hour drinking tea, and looking at the river. A guide was introduced, who spoke a wretched jargon of German and English. He showed us his book, which contained the names of a great many travellers, among whom there were not, I think, more than half-a-dozen English.

Under his guidance we sallied out to see the great canal. This famous work of art, which had been attempted and abandoned at different times ever since the year 1526, was completed thirty-six years ago, on the 1st of August, 1800, when the first vessel passed Trolhattan, amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude.

By means of this canal, a communication is opened for small vessels between Gottenburg and Stockholm—that is to say, between the North Sea and the Baltic; the rapids of Trolhattan, which were the only impediment, being thus avoided. The gates of the locks are made of cast-iron, the first pair having been imported as a pattern from England.—*Tour to Moscow, by the Rev. R. B. Paul.*

#### SPORTING IN FORMER DAYS.

THOSE fierce sportsmen, the Normans, were almost madly attached to the pursuit of the stag, as clearly appears by the fiendish cruelty of the statutory enactments of William I. for the protection of these animals; but in hunting the stag they made use of the bow and the spear as well as the dog. It is evident that much of the Norman mode of pursuit was retained in the days of Elizabeth. The Normans brought into the country the noble talbot, from which all our varieties of the hound have been derived; and this dog was used for the purpose of rousing the game, while the ambushed sportsmen discharged their arrows as it passed: if it were wounded, the dog pursued it, and such was the acuteness of its smell, that he was able to follow his game through every foil, every labyrinth, and all intricacies. If, however, the deer was only slightly hurt, the chase was long—it ended, in fact, with the close of the day; for as the talbot was slow in pursuit, he could not, like the modern foxhound, run up to his game, yet, from the extraordinary acuteness of his olfactory organs, he could always trace it unerringly, whatever distance it might be ahead. In 1194, Richard I. chased a hart from Sherwood Forest to Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, and there lost him. He therefore made proclamation at Tunhill, and various other places in the neighbourhood of Barnsdale, that no person should chase, kill, or hunt the said deer, in order that he might return to his lair in the forest of Sherwood. Thus, in early times, when one of the royal deer had run completely from its pursuers, the hounds, from exhaustion, being unable to continue the chase, proclamation was made in all towns and villages near which it was supposed the hart might remain, that no person might hunt or kill him, so that he might safely return to his forest; and the foresters were ordered to harbour the said hart, and by degrees bring him back to the forest; and that deer was ever after a "hart royal proclaimed."—*Sportsman.*

#### THE GHOST IN SPECTACLES.

I once saw what nobody, excepting always the audience of that particular night, could have seen—the Ghost of Hamlet's father acted at Covent-Garden Theatre in spectacles. Armour, of course, was the costume, and chalk the complexion: the performer was the late Mr. Chapman, who was remarkably near-sighted. Having acted the Ghost so frequently as to have entirely forgotten the part, (for who can expect people to remember things for ever?) he had put on his spectacles on the outside of the casque which covered his "aunciente" head, and, being suddenly called to the stage, on he went—helmet, glasses, and all. When once on, to remove the glasses would have been impossible: a ghost, without speculation in his eyes, taking off a pair of spectacles, would have been fatal; and, accordingly, the ghost performed his duty, even to the time of cock-crowing, framed and glazed as ghost was never seen before.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### A CAREFUL MOTHER.

A lady took a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful. "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he looked at the child, and then took a pinch of snuff. "I have not the least hesitation in recommending the springs; and the sooner you apply the remedy, the better." "You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?" "Upon my word, it is the best remedy I know of." "What springs would you recommend, doctor?" "Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of soap and water."—*Anecdotes of the Family Circle.*

#### GEORGE THE SECOND AND HOGARTH.

Hogarth dedicated his picture of the "March to Finchley" to George II. The following dialogue is said to have ensued on this occasion, between the sovereign and the nobleman in waiting:—"Pray, who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "I hate painting and poetry too—neither the one nor the other ever did any good!" "The picture, please your majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." "What! a painter burlesque a soldier? He deserves to be picketed for his insolence! Take his trumpany out of my sight!"—*Ireland's Hogarth.*

#### IMAGINATION.

Imagination is a good brood mare, and goes well; but the misfortune is, she has too many paths before her.—*Charles Lamb.*

#### THE FIRST OF JUNE.

The ship Marlborough (in the glorious battle of the 1st of June) having been dismantled, was so roughly treated by three or four of the enemy at the same time, that a whisper of surrender was said to have been uttered, which Lieut. Munton overhearing, resolutely exclaimed, he would never surrender, and that he would nail her colours to the stump of the mast! At this moment a cock, having by the wreck been liberated from the broken coop, suddenly perched himself on the stump of the mainmast, clapped his wings, and crowed aloud: in an instant three hearty cheers ran throughout the ship's company.—*Barrow's Life of Earl Howe.*

#### SCOTT'S CHAPTER MOTTOES.

It may be worth noting, that it was in correcting the proof-sheets of the "Antiquary" that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines. "Hang it, Johnnie," cried Scott, "I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one." He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of "old play" or "old ballad," to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

#### NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

It has been well said, by I know not whom, that an Englishman is never happy, but when he is miserable; that a Scotchman is never at home, but when he is abroad; that an Irishman is never at peace, but when he is at war.—*Walker.*

#### THE SPONGE FISHERY.

When at the island of Rhodes, I went to the sponge fishery, which is curious and interesting. It is a laborious and dangerous employment, but so lucrative, that five or six successful days afford those engaged in it the means of support for an entire year. The sponge is attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea, serving as a retreat to myriads of small crustaceous animals, which occupy its cavities. The fishermen dive for it to the depth of even a hundred feet, and sometimes continue for five or six minutes under water, unless the quantity of sponge they may have collected becomes inconvenient or unmanageable, when they are hauled to the surface by the crew of the boat to which they belong. The divers occasionally fall victims to sharks that attack them under water. The sponge is prepared for the market by being pressed to dislodge the animalcules it contains, and afterwards washed in lye to deprive it of mucilaginous matter.—*Marshal Marmont.*

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